

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 153.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE
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MISS VOKINS.

RAILWAYS.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

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| | Exp. a.m. | Exp. a.m. | Exp. a.m. | Exp. p.m. | Pullman Drawing-room Car. p.m. | Pullman Sleeping Car. p.m. | |
| Manchester (London-road) dep. | 7.0 | 9.50 | 11.25 | 1.0 | 3.35 | 4.50 | 11.30 |
| London (St. Pancras) arr. | 11.50 | 2.55 | 4.15 | 6.15 | 8.40 | 9.50 | 5.15 |
| Moorgate-street „ | 12.7 | 3.8 | 4.32 | 6.31 | 8.57 | 10.2 | — |

| STATIONS. | FROM LONDON—Week Days. | | | | | | Sundays |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|---------|
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JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, December, 1876.

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| | From Glasgow. | From Liverpool. |
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| TRINACRIA | Saturday, Jan. 27 | Saturday, February 3. |
| TUSCANY | Saturday, Feb. 10 | Saturday, February 17. |
| EUROPA | Saturday, Feb. 24 | Saturday, March 3. |
| BARBARY | Saturday, Mar. 10 | Saturday, March 17. |
| INDIA | Saturday, Mar. 24 | Saturday, March 31. |
| MACEDONIA | Saturday, April 7 | Saturday, April 14. |

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MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

“It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa.”—British Medical Press.

“Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others.”—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

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HOW to DRESS WELL on a SHILLING a DAY. By SYLVIA.

“For mourning the Janus Cord, wide width, sold by Messrs. JAY, Regent-street, at 3s. 6d. per yard, may be recommended.”

IMPROVED JANUS CORD, both sides alike.

1½ guinea full dress length. Manufactured specially for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the best, the cheapest, and the most durable material at the price, for mourning. Janus Cord makes up remarkably well and ladies who at this season of the year wear black from choice will find it an excellent wearing dress.

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COMFORT and ELEGANCE.—The

MANTLES, imported by Messrs. JAY, admirably realise in shape and texture these expressive associations.

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TEN-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS and upwards.

—Messrs. JAY are selling a great number BLACK SILK COSTUMES of excellent value at 6½ guineas, including silk for bodies; but at 10½ guineas and upwards they have superior and very elegant black silk costumes trimmed with velvet, lace, and other fashionable garnitures, with materials (also included) for a bodice.

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The London General Mourning Warehouse, Regent-street, W.

Possessing all the Properties of the finest Arrowroot.

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN-FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION, AND IS UNEQUALLED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

THE GLACIARIUM.

THE FIRST AND ONLY REAL-ICE-RINK IN EXISTENCE.

THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE,

379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.

Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary,

April 25, 1876. HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

CLEVELAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A PRIZE of £200 in money will be offered at the SECOND ANNUAL SHOW of ENTIRE THOROUGHbred HORSES, to be held at Guisbro', on Tuesday, the 6th February next.

Entries close Tuesday, January 30, 1877.

For conditions and forms of entry apply to

T. GIBBORNE FAWCETT, Secretary, Stockton-on-Tees.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. Among the most recent additions are two American Darters, and two Esquimaux Dogs from Whale-bone, presented by Captain Allen Young, of the Pandora. The Elephant-house contains five rhinoceroses and six elephants.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

THIS EVENING, The Grand Pantomime ROBINSON CRUSOE, with Magnificent Scenery and Transformation by Mr. W. Felbin. The most Powerful Company ever collected. Children and Schools Half-price to DAY PERFORMANCES, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 2, on payment at the doors. Box Office open Daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Mlle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans; Harlequina à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by a Popular Farce. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to all parts of the theatre, upper gallery excepted.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills; Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspheth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT, Mr. C. Harcourt and Miss LaFontaine. After which at 8.30, DAN'L DRUCE, 13th time. Characters by Messrs. H. Forrester, Howe, Braid, Forbes Robertson, Odell, &c., and Miss Marion Terry. Conclude with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE, PYGMALION AND GALATEA will be re-produced on Saturday next, January 20. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box-office open 10 till 5.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—TOOLE in 3 Pieces. 8 THE WEAVERS. 8.45. ROBERT MACAIRE. 9.45. Burlesque WILLIAM TELL, Open 7. Farce 7.10. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon Performances every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, MRS. JOHN WOOD.—Immense success of THE DANISCHEFFS. Owing to the enthusiastic applause nightly bestowed upon the general acting of THE DANISCHEFFS, it will be repeated every evening until further notice. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHEFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a Laughable Farce. Box office open daily from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

FOLLY THEATRE.—ROBINSON

CRUSOE. MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her unapproachable Company. On Monday, and every Evening, at 7.30, the Comedy, in Two Acts, of CHECK-MATE. At 8.40, the Celebrated Burlesque of ROBINSON CRUSOE, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the Entire Company.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and a Most Powerful Company. Every Evening, at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM, by J. Mortimer. At 8.45, HOT WATER. Charles Wyndham, J. Clarke, E. Righton, H. Standing, H. Ashley, Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Fastlake, Bruce, Davis, Holme, and Fanny Josephs.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sixth Season under

the Present Management—EVERY EVENING, (except Saturdays) at 7.45, MACBETH: Mr. HENRY IRVING, Messrs. Swinbourne, Brooke, Mead, Bentley, Lyons, Archer, Beaumont, Louther, Huntley, &c., and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Reproduced with all the original effects. Scenery by Hawes Craven. Music by Mr. Stöpel, &c. Preceded at 7, by DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND: Messrs. Carton, Lyons, Bentley, Pinerio, &c. Saturday, January 20, MORNING PERFORMANCE OF FAZIO-BIANCA: Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), at 1.45. Saturday Evening, LEAH. Box-office open 10 till 5.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, MR. EDGAR

BRUCE. Unanimous and unqualified Praise of the entire London Press on the Revival of Mr. J. R. Planche's Fairy Extravaganza, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

MISS JENNIE LEE, as PRINCE LEANDER.

Boucicault's Drama, HUNTED DOWN, at 7. INVISIBLE PRINCE, at 9. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Louise Wills, Rachel Sanger, Beverley, Vining, Howard, Steele and D. Drummond. Messrs. George Barrett, Beveridge, Edwards, and Edgar Bruce. Book your seats early for the Christmas Holidays. Box-office open from 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called “THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.” Mr. Henry Neville as George Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Flockton. Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by CRAZED.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Erser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, MORNING PERFORMANCE.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. January 16, SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF OUR BOYS. January 17, 65th night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestock, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John

S. Clarke, every Evening. On Saturday, and until further notice, commence at 7, with KEEP YOUR TEMPER. Followed by AMONG THE BREAKERS. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Messrs. Grahame, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Brunell, &c. After which, TODDLES. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Turner. Conclude with THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Williams, &c.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—The Public are

respectfully informed that in order to produce the New Opera, BIORN, in as complete a manner as possible, the first representation will be POSTPONED till WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17th. All Tickets booked for Monday 15th, will be available for Wednesday 17th. Dates can be altered, or, if preferred, money returned.

BIORN, BIORN, BIORN.—Costumes and

Scenic Effects by Alfred Thompson. New Scenery by Gordon and Harford. Incidental Dances by Mr. W. Waite. The Orchestra and Chorus selected from Her Majesty's and Royal Italian Operas. Doors open at 7.30. Opera commences at 8. Seats can be secured at all the Libraries.—QUEEN'S THEATRE.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, Westminster Bridge Road.

TWO PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIME DAILY, at 2 and 7 o'clock respectively.

GENUINE SUCCESS of the Grand Comic Pantomime, written by Mr. W. M. Akhurst, and entitled GULLIVER ON HIS TRAVELS; or, HARLEQUIN ROBINSON CRUSOE. Scene Four is entitled “The Palace of the Queen of Nations.” THE GRAND CONFERENCE, in which Representatives of all Her Majesty's Dominions will present themselves, together with “Horses and Animals from all explored parts of the World,” including the largest and smallest Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, Reindeers, the wonderful trained Giraffes (standing eight feet high), Bears, &c., &c. The Messrs. Sanger consider themselves fully justified in challenging the entire profession to produce the novelty and magnificence displayed in this “Great Scene.” THE Grand Transformation.—Prices: Private Boxes, from £1 1s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Dress Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Box-office now open, from 10 till 4, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Stuart, to whom all cheques and money orders should be made payable.

SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, DAILY, at Two o'clock.—The Great Equestrian Company and the BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. Prices as above. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand. Free List entirely suspended.

PARK THEATRE, Camden Town.—Sole

Manager, Mr. R. W. South.—EVERY EVENING (the greatest company in London), LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Miss Alice May as Lange. The GRAND PANTOMIME. The Paynes and Caroline Parkes.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—Dancing in the New Hall.

NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 o'clock. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry, entitled GRIMM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH and the FAIRIES OF THE FLOWERY DELL. Supported by Mr. Geo. Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mdlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wondrous Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called TURKLUUUIU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Fox, Drayton, Reeve, Rhoyds, Pitt, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mdlles. Fanny and Rosina Lupino. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLOKIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, Parry. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

LAST EXTRA MORNING REPRESENTATION NEXT

TUESDAY, at 3.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT, MATCHED AND MATED. By F. C. Burnand, Music by German Reed. After which, Mr. Corney Gram's TABLE D'HOTE, and OUR DOLL'S HOUSE. A Fairy Vision in One Peep, by W. Wy; Music by Corfsord Dick. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next at 3. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford Circus.—Easily accessible from all parts of London by Metropolitan Railway and omnibuses. All entrances are most commodious. Visitors having to ascend only four steps to any part of the building, thus making it most convenient for ladies and children. Every day at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30, the beautiful and highly trained stud of performing horses and ponies. Startling and extraordinary feats of equestrianism and gymnasia. “Little Sandy” the drollest of the droll, and Le Quips the grotesque at every performance. The popular and magnificent juvenile spectacle, CINDERELLA, pronounced by all to be the most charming scene ever presented.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus. The most delightful entertainment in London. Extraordinary achievements by the renowned troupe of artistes. The entrancing spectacle of CINDERELLA, performed by 60 juveniles, every Day and every Evening at 2.30 and 7.30. Prices 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private boxes, containing six chairs, £1 10s. Children, under 10, half-price. Box-office open daily from 10 till 4. In consequence of the great demand, Mr. Hengler respectfully urges the advisability of intending visitors booking seats in advance. Box-office orders and cheques to be made payable to Mr. Charles Hengler.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—SPECIAL AT-

TRACTIONS.—MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

PRINCE'S.—MANCHESTER.

Every Evening, at Seven, a Grand Oriental Fairy Pantomime and Spectacle, entitled

S I N D B A D.

Arranged and produced under the personal direction of

H. B. FARNIE.

The Costumes specially designed for this production by the most eminent Parisian Artistes—the grotesque dresses by DRANER, the celebrated caricaturist; the grand ballets and fanciful costumes by MARRE, designer to the Grand Opéra of Paris. The execution of the costumes has been entrusted to the great French house of DELPHINE BARON ET CIE. (costumiers to the Opéra Comique, Porte St. Martin, &c.), to AUGUSTE & CO., and Miss FISHER, of London. The Armour, Jewels, &c., by GRANGER, of Paris, and KENNEDY, of Birmingham. The new and elaborate Scenery by Mr. F. HAWLEY. The Dissolving and Chromatic light effects by the eminent Manchester optician Mr. J. B. DANCER; the slides from the studio of the celebrated artist, Chevalier LAFOSSE. The vocal and instrumental music, selected from the most recent works of Offenbach, Hervé, Lecocq, Strauss, O. Barri, Debillemont, as well as the current English repertoire, by Mr. F. STANISLAUS.

Characters by Mesdames Fanchita, Alice Cook, Marie Williams, M. Lucette, Julia Bullen, E. Toms, Nellie Kennedy, Kathleen Corri, &c., Messrs. J. Rouse, A. Brenner, G. Shelton, J. Canfield, H. Booker, W. Langley, J. W. Lawrence, George Lewis, J. H. Ryley, &c.

Première Danseuses:

Mdlle. MARIE VALAIN

(Of the Grand Opéra of Vienna and Berlin), and

Mdlle. PIA SCOTTI

(Of the Grand Opéra of Milan, Brussels, &c.).

Grotesque Cotillon by

THE BOUNDEERS OF THE EOPHOSUS.

Clown Mr. GEORGE (Jolly Little) LEWIS.

Harlequin Mr. WILL LANGLEY.

Pantaloone Mr. J. W. LAWRENCE.

Columbine Miss L. MAB LONCE.

MAJOR BURK, THE CHAMPION AMERICAN DRILLIST.

G. LEVANTINE, THE AMERICAN WUNDER.

RUSIAN SKATERS,

Messrs. FRENCH and HARRIS, and Mdlle. ROSE.

Circle and Stalls, 5s. Box-office open from 11 to 3.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Theatre Royal Company, Manchester, Limited.
Manager, Mr. SIDNEY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE,
The GRANDEST SPECTACLE and
MOST AMUSING PANTOMIME EVER WITNESSED.
Vide the opinion of the whole Press of Manchester.
entitled
THE ADVENTURES OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY;
OR, WICKED KING CRAB AND THE GOOD FAIRY CORAL FROM UNDER
THE SEA.
Written by F. C. BURNAND, Esq.
The Plot arranged by and the whole produced under the personal direction
of Mr. SIDNEY.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COMPTON.

It is announced, with much regret, that the respected and popular Comedian, has been suffering for a lengthened period from a severe and painful malady, and is now compelled to relinquish all hopes of resuming his Profession. At the earnest suggestion of many friends, private and professional, a

BENEFIT AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

is now being organised. Mr. Chatterton has kindly given the use of the Theatre, and the date has been fixed for

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 1st, 1877.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

| | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
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HON. TREASURER—C. W. Thompson, Esq., Guildhall, E.C.
HON. SECRETARY—Charles Harcourt, Haymarket Theatre, S.W.
BANKERS—Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt, and Co., Lombard-street.

Private Boxes, as per Subscription; Stalls, £2 2s.; Dress Circle, £1 1s.; First Circle, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Galleries, 2s. and 1s.

* * * The Programme will be published at the earliest opportunity; in the meantime, it is the object of the Committee to make the Subscription List as large as possible.

* * * Cheques and Remittances to the order of the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. W. Thompson, Guildhall, E.C., may be sent direct. A List of Subscriptions received will be published from time to time in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, the *Era*, and in the *Times* every Monday.

* * * All Inquiries, Offers of Assistance, Co-operation, &c., should be directed to Mr. Charles Harcourt, Hon. Secretary, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, S.W.

MANCHESTER.

REAL ICE RINK, RUSHOLME.
NOW OPEN.

REAL ICE SKATING RINK,
RUSHOLME.

ADMISSION—TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

HOURS—ELEVEN TO ONE, THREE TO FIVE, AND
SEVEN-THIRTY TO TEN.

Visitors can use their own Skates (which must be rounded at the heel), but
Skates will be provided at 3d. per pair.

REAL ICE RINK.

BAND THREE TIMES EACH DAY.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

will contain the following Illustrations:—

MISS KATE PHILLIPS AS "BOY,"
IN "HENRY V."

BALL ROOM SKETCHES,
by DOWER WILSON.—(Two Pages.)

"HOW WILL IT END?"

A Hunting Sketch by J. STURGESS.

THE MANCHESTER REAL ICE RINK,
By H. PETHERICK.

CLERKS OF THE COURSE.—No. I. MR. FRAIL.

THE GRANVILLE SPECIAL TRAIN
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By R. H. MOORE.

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* * * Several reviews, articles, and items of news have been crowded out
of the present Number.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, "it has, in consequence of the production of 'Heroes,' been found necessary to discontinue the evening performance of the Aquarium pantomime. This, however, is still given every afternoon." We note the fact with interest. Evening performances are not usually given every afternoon.

An admirer of *Yorick* expresses a fervent hope that that admirable little periodical will not allow itself to be degraded into a newspaper. It would afford a good many old-fashioned people considerable satisfaction to know that certain ambitious prints that "pan out" on big type, descriptions of nothing in particular, had become degraded into newspapers.

THE lease of Her Majesty's Theatre will be sold by auction, by Messrs. Chinnock and Galsworthy, on the first of next month. Here is an opportunity for restoring the noble building to its original purpose, which should not be neglected. At any rate, let us be spared a second edition of the Moody-and-Sankey nuisance.

We are glad to learn that already upwards of £1,000 has been subscribed to the Compton Benefit Fund. Thanks to the courtesy of the indefatigable secretary, Mr. Charles Harcourt, we are enabled to afford a rough indication of the entertainment which will be given at the Gaiety Theatre in aid of the Fund. Up to the present moment the programme has been arranged to embrace a selection from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the first act of *Money*, the last act of *The Critic*, *Trial by Jury*, and a scene from *The Man of the World*, in which Mr. Phelps will appear. It is hoped to include in the realisation of these selections a very large proportion of the most celebrated actors and actresses of the day. Mr. Edward Compton, the son of the veteran, who is rapidly attaining a distinguished position as a leading actor, will make his first appearance in London as *Evelyn*.

FOR the small sum of three shillings and sixpence, Royal Academicians and others may obtain a work explaining "the art of picture-making on the simplest principles, for amateurs." Enlightened by the maxims of the erudite author, who knows but what even the most hopelessly ineane members of the Forty might contrive to turn out a series of pot-boilers that a Manchester dealer would not be ashamed of placing alongside works by those clever outsiders to whom the glory and interest of a Royal Academy exhibition are chiefly due.

Is it not high time we heard the last of the Beefsleak Club? The cackle of that limited association of Ineffable Frizzlers is not by any means the murmur of the world. It may be that an indescribable thrill shoots through the breast of the 'umble painter, or 'umbler actor, who rubs shoulders with a small lord, or touches the hand of a smaller honourable; but there are surely means of obtaining that experience other than those furnished by the committee of the Beefsleakers. And, after all, to deal more seriously with the matter than it really deserves, why sympathise with Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Fildes on their having been blackballed by the Beefsleak Club? Persons who object to the society of those gentlemen are palpably people one would not care to know.

A LARGE proportion of the thousands of playgoers who have been charmed beyond measure by the children's pantomime, at the Adelphi Theatre, will be interested in knowing that *le première danseuse* is the daughter of Mr. Henry Sinclair, the popular actor. We question whether a prettier dancer has ever been seen on any stage, and considering her years (she has seen but seven Boxing-nights) her accomplishments are little short of marvellous. *La Petite Cerito* has been taught (in the Italian School) by Signor Lepiris.

LET Dr. Cumming, of Scotland, look to it. There is another Richmond in the field. A certain Rev. M. Baxter, editor of the "Christian Herald" and "Signs of Our Times," author of "Forty Coming Wonders," "The Great Crisis at Hand," "The Coming Napoleon," &c., has issued an enlarged edition of his stupendous pamphlet, "Coming Wars." After the recapitulation of the titles of the reverend Mother Shipton's former works, which we give above, it is quite unnecessary to remark that the baleful Baxter is in the fortune-telling line of business. He drops dark hints on his spasmodic title-page of other momentous events at hand—in addition to coming wars. We are gravely enjoined to prepare for the Doom of the Turkish Empire, the Restoration of Judea to the Jews,

the extension of France to the Rhine, by its re-appropriation of Belgium, part of Holland, Luxembourg, Alsace, Lorraine, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, &c.; the revival of Caesar's Roman Empire in the form of a Ten-kingdomed Allied Confederacy, consisting of Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and North Africa; Subsequent Rise of the Napoleonic Antichrist—His Seven Years' Covenant with the Jews—Resurrection and Translocation of Saints—3½ Years' Great Tribulation—Descent of Christ at Armageddon—Ensuing Millennium, &c. The Rev. M. Baxter is wise in his generation. If he had written his monstrously funny pamphlet upon a series of slates he would, in all probability, have been deprived of his liberty by the police. By reeling off his rubbish in the form of a pamphlet, and taking care that every one of his wild statements is "nail 't wi' scripture," he is sure of the pence of a vast multitude of fools, and can therefore afford to laugh at the silent derision of sensible men.

"For a considerable number of years," says *Truth*, "the *Daily Telegraph* has had a correspondent who flits about the earth's surface, seeing moons when they are concealed from the ken of others," &c. Now, concerning that memorable moon. Might not the amusing blunder, which, as our readers will remember, brought forth a slashing article in the *Saturday Review*, have been a mere printer's error after all? The writer sees a moon and describes it; the description is put into type, but the article is not published until the moon has disappeared.

"WARE WIRE."

THE gaps yawn wide through the unkempt "quick,"
And the farmer has cut him a knotty stick,
And swears, as he trudges his mry rounds,
In search of the beasts that have broken bounds,
They shall pay for their raid on roots and seeds
In durance vile, for their evil deeds:
And muttering, vows as he reddens with ire,
"There's nothing for stopping their game, like wire."

He hath thought of a coil lying stowed away
On cobwebbed rafters above the bay,
Where the barn-owls roost, and the beetles creep,
And the bat hangs down for his winter's sleep;—
He touches it—like an unholy thing—
As the hand recoils from a serpent's sting;
And Laurence is called from his work in the byre,
To straighten the lengths of treacherous wire

They have twisted an end round the wrinkled thorn,
By tempest and time to a skeleton worn,
And carried it onward through briar and brake,
Twisting about like the trail of a snake;
Not to be seen for the briony bine,
And the topmost growth of the ivy's twine;
And the farmer boasts o'er his evening fire
Of "a capital job with the bit of old wire."

The blaze-faced Herefords poke and peer
At the "turmits" and cabbages sprouting near;
But a sightless force from the feast restrains,
And they cease from racking their senseless brains,
Chewing the cud in calm content,
And never on foraging basely bent;
And the farmer sniggles, "I'm bound to tire
The cattle from straying with this bit o' wire."

But autumn's tresses, brown and sere,
Lie strewn on the corpse of the waning year,
And thrillingly the wild notes flow
When horns are rapt from the saddle bow,
And leaf's soft sigh, and brook's low sound,
Is changed for the music of the hound;
Good scent, good runs, to the sporting shire,
But never a whisper, a thought of wire!

'Tis the primal burst, in the season's pride,
Jealously, keenly, the foremost ride,
Each in his own unswerving line,
But one treads there on a hidden mine:—
A crash, a fall, and a stifled cry,
Heaped in a helpless mass they lie,
Beaten and crushed and rolled in mire,
Rider and horse, in the cause of "wire."

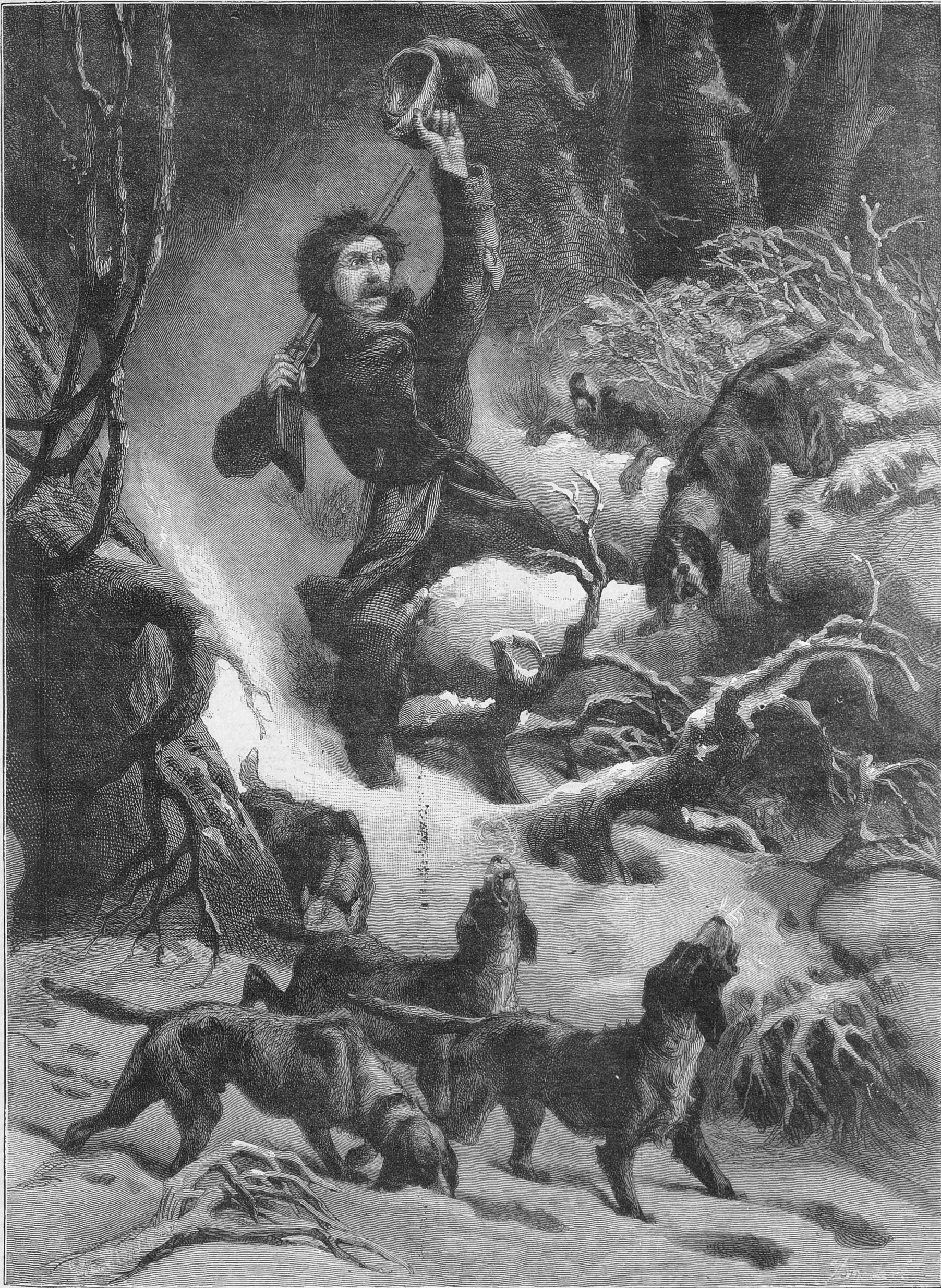
"Manslaughter!" shall not the jury find,
Or tardy justice lag behind?
Shall snares be set, and their hapless prey
Die on a hunting holiday?
Die like a dog in a ditch, to suit
The idle mood of a thoughtless brute?
Perish the thought!—and a sentence dire
Pass on the setters of traps in "wire."

AMPHION.

THE PANTOMIME AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER (*Sinbad the Sailor*), has been considerably improved since the opening night. The most remarkable thing in connection with this pantomime is what may be termed its magnetic properties. Its capacity for "drawing" audiences may be pronounced unparalleled, so far as Manchester is concerned. More people witnessed the performances, day and evening, on New Year's Day, than were ever gathered within the walls of this establishment on any two previous occasions. The published returns, of the authenticity of which there is no question whatever, gives the attendance on that day as a trifle short of 5600 persons, the pit and gallery being filled long before the commencement, at the extra prices, and vast crowds being after all unable to obtain admission. The same statement, with very little modification, will apply to the attendance on every subsequent day of the week; in short, pantomime time at the Prince's seems to have become a period of excitement and high pressure with the public, who fill the theatre to overflowing from beginning to end of the season.



"WARE WIRE."



"ON THE TRACK."

THE DRAMA.

BESIDES some minor changes, the principal dramatic events signalling the week have been the production with signal success, on Saturday night, at the St. James's, of an English version, with which Viscount Newry is generally accredited, of *Lés Danicheffs*, a French drama of intense domestic interest, by M. Pierre Newski, a Russian gentleman and husband of Stella Colas, aided by M. Dumas. The re-opening of Sadler's Wells by Mr. Walter Stacey on the same evening; and the return to the metropolis, after too long an absence in the provinces, of those deservedly popular artists Mr. and Mrs. Billington, who, with Miss Merrick and their long-practised company, commenced an engagement, on Wednesday evening, at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, where they appear nightly in Mr. Conway Edwards's new comedy, *Heroes*, which is preceded by *Simpson and Company*, in which Mrs. Billington takes the leading part. During the engagement of this company, the evening representations of Mr. Cave's very attractive pantomime, *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, which is a great success, are necessarily suspended. It continues, however, to be performed every afternoon, and fills the theatre on each occasion.

GAITEY.—At Saturday's matinee Mr. Toole appeared as Billy Lackaday in *Sweethearts and Wives*, and as John Grumley in *Domestic Economy*. On Wednesday afternoon Miss Farren appeared as Phoebe in *A Nice Girl*, and as Young Rip Van Winkle in Mr. Reece's burlesque, which was then represented for the first time at this theatre, having been originally brought out at the Charing Cross when lately in the temporary occupation of Mr. Hollingshead. At to-day's matinee Miss Farren will repeat her impersonation of Phoebe, and Mr. Toole will appear in *Our Clerks and Domestic Economy*. To-night Mr. Toole will appear as Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*, and a new farce will be produced under the title of *Potocapello*. On Wednesday afternoon Madame Selina Dolaro makes her first essay on comedy, appearing as Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal*.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Mr. R. W. South's opéra-bouffe company who gave so successful a representation of *La Fille de Madame Angot* at a recent Gaiety matinee, and appeared to great advantage here on Wednesday week in *The Grand Duchess*, repeated the former performance at this house on Saturday afternoon. Miss Alice May, the Australian prima donna, again sustaining the rôle of Mdle. Lange with great effect. The last nights of *Little Don Cesar* are announced, and Mr. Byron's drama of *The Prompter's Box* is to be revived on Monday next.

HAYMARKET.—A morning performance of Mr. Tom Taylor's well-known comedy, *An Unequal Match*, took place here on Saturday, with Miss Annie Lafontaine as the heroine, Hester Grazebrook, a part in which she has been specially schooled by the original exponent, Miss Amy Sedgwick, and which she sustained with great spirit, intelligence, and judgment, at the Charing Cross Theatre, last year. Miss Lafontaine's impersonation on the present occasion displayed still more finish and ease, and received much and well-deserved applause. She was well supported by Miss Maria Harris as Bessy Hebblethwaite, Mr. Harcourt as her aristocratic husband, Harry Arcliffe; Mr. Howe, who appeared as Dr. Botcherby, originally sustained by Mr. Buckstone, to whom was allotted the small part of Tofts, but who being unable to appear through illness, the part was resumed by its original representative Mr. Clarke. Mr. Odell amusingly personated the valet Blenkinsop, in which poor Compton used to be unrivalled, and Miss K. Irwin was excellent as Mrs. Montessor. At the evening's performance, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Buckstone, who was to have appeared, with Miss Lafontaine, in *A Rough Diamond*, Mr. Bayle Bernard's comedy *Balance of Comfort* was reinstated in the bill in lieu of this piece; and Mr. Hermann Vezin being engaged for *Les Danicheffs*, at the St. James's, his part of Dan'l Druce in Mr. Gilbert's play is now sustained by Mr. Henry Forrester, who has already represented the character in the provinces, and who gives a well-studied, vigorous, and highly-finished rendering of the varied phases the blacksmith, strong in love and affection, sound-hearted and right-minded at bottom, but soured and rendered morose and misanthropical through domestic wrongs, presents in the course of this drama. Altogether it was a most satisfactory and praiseworthy delineation.

STRAND.—Mr. John S. Clarke has once more returned to this house, where he commenced an engagement on Saturday evening, renewing his former triumphs here in two of his most favourite and amusing impersonations, as Toodles in the farce of that name, and as Babbington Jones in *Among the Breakers*. In both characters, which he has repeated during the week, Mr. Clarke is as irresistibly droll as ever, and keeps the crowded audiences that are now attracted to this house in a continuous roar of hilarious laughter all the time he is on the stage. Mr. Clarke is to appear during this engagement in several other of his popular characters.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Escaping the theatrical conversion to the "baser uses" of a skating-rink, this time-honoured theatre, so long devoted to the legitimate drama under Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, has been remodelled, considerably enlarged, and handsomely re-decorated, and was re-opened on Saturday evening, under the management of Mr. Walter Stacey, who has a pantomime in readiness for production as soon as the Lord Chamberlain grants him the necessary license, which has been made conditional upon some further alterations, to secure greater safety of the audience in case of fire, being effected. In this interval, Mr. Stacey has inaugurated his régime with "a Grand Science Festival," or miscellaneous entertainment, in which Professor Pepper, so long associated with the Polytechnic, takes a leading part, first in his instructive lectures on Vibratory Motion and Light, illustrated by some interesting experiments. He next introduced the great feature of the exhibition, an ingenious piece of mechanism, The Automaton, *Cynthia*, resembling Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's "Psycho," except that the figure here is a female. The automaton, however, is as yet imperfect, its mechanical feats at present being limited to picking up cards and ringing a bell; but it is stated that it will be shortly perfected, and then be capable of rivaling Psycho in whist-playing. The professor finally produced his celebrated ghost effects in illustrating the story of "Dombrowski, or the Polish Student;" concluding with the ghost of Joey Grimaldi, who warbled in most ghostly manner, "Hot Codlings," to the manifest delight of the crowded audience. Besides other items in the programme, the entertainment concluded with a "Shadow Pantomime," highly humorous in its effects.

To-day, the last morning performance of *Macbeth* will take place at the Lyceum; *A Nice Girl* (with Miss Farren as Phoebe), *Our Clerks and Domestic Economy* (with Mr. Toole, &c.), is the programme at the Gaiety matinee; and the usual morning performances of the pantomimes will also take place.

To-night, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) will repeat her impersonation of "Leah" at the Lyceum. A change will be made in the programme of the Gaiety, where Mr. Toole will appear as Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*, and a new farce will be produced under the whimsical title of *Potocapello*; and at the Royalty a new and original musical pastoral (composed by Mark Lyne, libretto by Frank Desprey), is announced for production, under the title of *Happy Hampstead*.

Two premieres are announced for Monday evening—at the Queen's and the Olympic. The Queen's reopens under the direc-

tion of Mr. Frank Marshall, for the production, for the first time on any stage, of a new opera, entitled *Biorn*, by Signor Laure Rossi, director of the Royal College of Music at Naples. The libretto, by Mr. Frank Marshall, is founded partly upon Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and partly upon a Scandinavian legend. Mrs. Frank Marshall, who has been a pupil of Laure Rossi's, will sustain the principal rôle, that of the heroine, Elfrida, which was composed expressly for her. She will be supported in the other leading characters by Signor Mottino, Messrs. Coventry, Cole, Hempel, and Miss Cora Stuart. The orchestra and chorus are selected from Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Operas, and Signor Tito Mattei is musical director. *The Queen of Connaught* is the title of the new domestic and picturesque drama at the Olympic, in which Miss Ada Cavendish will make her reappearance, and sustain the principal character. Miss Gerard, Miss Camille Dubois, and Messrs. J. A. Arnold, Vollaie, Flocton, W. J. Hill, and Henry Neville also have parts.

At the Opera Comique, Mr. Byron's drama, *The Prompter's Box*, will be revived on Monday night.

At the afternoon performance at the Gaiety, on Wednesday next, *The School for Scandal* will be represented, for the first appearance in comedy of Madame Selina Dolaro, who will play Lady Teazle.

PARK THEATRE.

ONE of the most attractive bills in London has been provided this week by the production of *La Fille de Madame Angot* in addition to Mr. Richard W. South's pantomime. In the former, Miss Alice May, as Mdle. Lange, has given the public a foretaste of those rare qualities as an actress and vocalist which she so pre-eminently possesses, and which we can safely predict will give her an unequalled reputation on the English operatic stage. As an actress, she is quite an English Théo, such *entrain* and *chic* (in the best sense of the term) is as novel on the English stage as it is delightful. As this column is devoted to dramatic not musical matters, we must be content with saying that the opera was most efficiently supported, and particular praise is due to Miss Alice Grundy, who played Clairette. *Tom, Tom the Piper's Son* is one of the few pantomimes that bears a second visit; how could it be otherwise with the Paynes and Miss Caroline Parkes? It is much to be regretted that Mr. South's provincial arrangements—long since made—take the Grand Duchess Opera Company from town very shortly, as from the excellence of the entertainment, and the admirable arrangements in front of the house made by Mr. E. Russell—Mr. South's *alter ego*—"The Park" has entered on a successful lease of popularity and favour.

SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

ONE of those pleasing incidents which seem more common in the theatrical than in any other profession took place on Friday, December 29, when the acting manager, Mr. James Twigg, late lieutenant 71st Highland Light Infantry, was presented, after the performances, by Mr. George Sanger, with a handsome cigar-case, bearing the following inscription:—

"Sanger's Amphitheatre, December 29, 1876. Presented to Lieutenant James Twigg, together with a purse of one hundred sovereigns, on the occasion of his retirement (after seventeen years' service) from the management of Messrs. Sanger's establishment. This testimonial is presented as a slight acknowledgment of his worth as a man, undeniable ability as a manager, and urbanity as a gentleman. God bless him where'er he goes."

This handsome gift was supplemented by a beautiful ormolu timepiece, with marble case, from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reeve to Mr. and Mrs. James Twigg. Mr. Twigg made a suitable acknowledgment, after which the loving cup was passed round, and the healths of the Messrs. Sanger, Mr. Twigg, Mr. Sidney Cooper (secretary), and Mr. H. Bertrand (stage manager), were drank with enthusiasm.

MORNING PERFORMANCES OF THE PANTOMIMES.—*Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Surrey and Grecian*—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. *Adelphi and Royal Aquarium* (afternoons only) every day. *National Standard*—Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays. *Sanger's* (Astley's) and *Hengler's* every afternoon. *Duke's*—Wednesdays and Saturdays. *Pavilion*—Mondays. *Crystal Palace* every day.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A morning performance of *Peril* will be given next Saturday, the 20th inst.

COURT.—Mr. Hare announces a morning performance of *New Men and Old Acres*, for Saturday week, the 27th inst.

Mr. Charles Sullivan, on the completion of his provincial engagements, returns to the Adelphi on Monday next, to resume his impersonation of Conn, in *The Shaughraun*.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has happily recovered, without any permanent injury to the eye, from his recent accident in the final combat with Richmond, in *Richard III.*, at Drury Lane Theatre, and has been fulfilling an engagement during the week at Belfast.

Mr. Buckstone, we are also glad to state, has almost completely recovered from the sharp attack of illness, which at first appeared serious, and which prevented him from appearing at the morning performance of *The Unequal Match*, on Saturday last, or in *The Rough Diamond*, on the subsequent evenings, at the Haymarket.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny on January 4 entertained a large party at some private theatricals. In *Cinderella* the Ladies Alice, Idina, Rose, and Violet Nevill, with their cousin, Miss Perry, as the Baroness, took a prominent part, and Lord William Nevill, as the Fairy Godmother, afforded a great deal of amusement by his dancing, whilst Lady Idina and Lord Richard Nevill, as Cinderella and the Prince, were received with constant and well-deserved applause. In the comic farce of *The Area Belle*, Mrs. Eastwood performed her part of Penelope to perfection, and was ably assisted by Lord William Nevill as Mrs. Croaker. Lord George Nevill and Mr. Hodgkin, as the rivals, Tosser and Pitcher, were very amusing. A grand tableau, in which a ship arrived laden with New Year's gifts for the audience, terminated the performance.

Mrs. William West, once a well-known actress, has died at Glasgow at the age of 86. She made her first appearance in London at Covent-garden Theatre, as Desdemona to Mr. Charles Young's Othello, on September 28, 1812. In 1818 she was engaged at Drury-lane, where she remained playing the leading characters of tragedy for 15 years. She afterwards went to Covent-garden for two seasons, and shortly afterwards retired from the stage to give lessons in elocution.

During the playing of the pantomime of *Sinbad the Sailor* at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, on Tuesday evening, the wire ropes holding the "bird" which carries off Sinbad broke. The "bird," after kicking violently for a short time, much to the amusement of the gallery audience, was carried off by the carpenters. The man inside the "bird" was not much hurt.

The revival of *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Haymarket is fixed for Saturday next. Miss Marion Terry will be Galatea, Miss Henrietta Hodson Cynisca, and Mr. Charles Harcourt Pygmalion.

ALL WHO COUGH OR HAVE COLDS should read the following extract received this day, January 6, 1877, from S. PEARSON, Esq., Vicar Choral, Lichfield Cathedral:—"I am suffering much from this unhealthy season. Send me a few boxes of Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, as they alone afford me relief." They taste pleasantly, and are sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box of all chemists.—[ADVF.]

IRISH DRAMATIC NOTES.

LAST Monday evening the first of the two concerts announced by Messrs. Cramer took place at the Exhibition Palace, before a large and certainly critical audience. I was quietly discussing my dinner, when a friend asked me if I were going to the concert. I at once pleaded ignorance as to there being a concert, and am indebted to my friend's query for being present at a musical treat that I would not have missed for a great deal. The artists engaged were Mdle. Titens (a great favourite with the Dublinites), Alvina Valleria, and Miss Agnes Bonn (Mr. Mapleson's new contralto), whilst Signor Del Tuenti, Mr. Bentham, and Signori Brocolini and Ponella represented the gentlemen. Of Mdle. Titens it would be absurd of me to speak. She received quite an ovation, at which she was, I am confident, quite delighted, as she looked thoroughly so. Mdle. Valleria sang, if it were possible, better than ever, and looked, as she always does, charming. But it is with Mdle. Agnes Bonn that I am most engaged. Mr. Mapleson has indeed, I fancy, drawn a prize in this young lady. I feel sure I see a singer that will rather take the Londoners by storm. She has a beautiful contralto voice of the finest quality and fine compass, and uses it with discretion. Her phrasing might, and no doubt will, be improved by practice, and I fancy I detected an inclination to take the breath in the middle of the word—a most fatal fault, unless at once conquered. The young lady's appearance is most engaging, and I await her début before a London audience with great curiosity. Mr. Bentham sang Arthur Sullivan's "Looking Back," in which I was disappointed. Mr. Bentham surely knows that it is not necessary for an Englishman to pronounce his words like a foreigner, and when one hears "love" pronounced "louive," and so on, it certainly seems at the least funny.

The theatres are in full swing, and the pantomimes at the Theatres Royal and Queen's are, as usual, first-rate. At the Gaiety the *Shaughraun* is drawing immense houses, and one of the sights in the evening is to see the people crushing into the pit and galleries. The good-humour displayed on all sides is marvellous, and it is only justice to say that the popular manager, Mr. J. Gunn, does everything that possibly mortal can do for the safety and well-being of his audience. Next Thursday evening the friends and admirers of Mr. Michael Gunn, the popular lessee of the Royal Theatre, purpose presenting him with an elegant set of plate for dinner and dessert, including knives, forks, and spoons, and a large silver salver suitably inscribed. Mr. M. Gunn, during his lesseeship of the Theatre Royal, has won the esteem and respect of all classes by his straightforward conduct as a man, and his untiring courtesy as a manager, and I am sure that I am only reiterating the feelings of the Dublin playgoers when I say that the coming presentation is as highly deserved as it is spontaneously given. SCISSORS.

THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham has long been celebrated for the excellence of its Christmas productions, and the Theatre Royal in that town, under the experienced management of Mr. Mercer Hampson Simpson, stands foremost amongst our provincial theatres for the elegance and completeness of its pantomimes. This year, Mr. Simpson's piece has proved no exception to the general rule, as it is pronounced by the public and the press of the town in every way equal to any previous productions. The author, Mr. Charles Millward, has written for the same theatre every year since 1874, and his work is so well appreciated in the town, that the same writer will, doubtless, supply the "Royal Annuals" to the end of his chapter. Mr. Millward wisely selected the well-known and ever welcome story of *Sinbad the Sailor* for his latest Birmingham venture, and the piece has been produced in a style of completeness and with a refinement of taste which the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden could scarcely excel. The scenery is the work of Mr. Charles Smithers, Mr. John Galt, and Mr. Maughan, and it is no exaggeration to state that each scene is a work of art. The transformation, by Mr. Smithers, is, in fact, one of the prettiest and most telling of the many works of the kind produced during Mr. Simpson's management. The dresses, too, are costly and tasteful, those for the principal characters having been specially designed by Mr. E. C. Barnes, Mr. Val Bromley, and Mr. Wallis Mackay. But it is not for spectacular effect alone that the Birmingham pantomime is celebrated. The scenes and situations abound in fun and hearty, unvulgar frolic, and to add to the "go" of the whole, a company has been engaged, the like of which, for general completeness and undoubted excellence, is rarely found in or out of London. First and foremost there is Mr. G. H. Macdermott, the famous comic vocalist and comedian, who is specially engaged for the character of Captain Hardaport. Mr. Macdermott is an enormous favourite in Birmingham, and he fairly revels in the fun of his strikingly original part. His songs are so well received that the audiences never tire of hearing them. Mr. Macdermott is ably supported by Mr. E. Danvers as Mrs. Hardaport, a part evidently suggested by that able actor. Dame Hatley, in *Black-Eyed Susan* (Miss Madge Stewart), is a charming Sinbad; Miss Burville, a bewitching Bon Accord; and Miss Cook is a Polly who would win the heart of any true British tar. The singing of these clever ladies is one of the features of the performance. The remainder of the cast is also strong, both in actors and dancers, and the company play, sing, and dance their parts with evident enjoyment. The piece has been produced under the immediate and able direction of Mr. J. C. Smith, who has had the rare privilege of superintending the production of the pantomimes at this house during the last eleven years. We may safely venture to predict that Mr. Millward's very amusing Sinbad will draw crowded houses to the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, until the Easter holidays have fairly set in.

THE MANCHESTER REAL ICE SKATING RINK has been opened successfully. Our artist and our reporter were both present but the drawing and report are not yet to hand.

MR. W. H. FOSTER, who has for many years been associated with the Society of British Artists, as Manager and Curator, has resigned the post.

AT the members' meeting of the New Shakespeare Society, at University College, on Friday, the paper announced was "Some points of resemblance and contrast between Shakespeare and the dramatists of his country and epoch," to be read by Mr. Joseph Knight.

SUGGESTION for Mr. J. Byron—Write a burlesque entitled Pipes and Pans, or the Silly Shepherd of Sicily; call the principal character Daphnis, and dress him absurdly for the sake of introducing the saying, "Ha! ha! my pretty, so your name is Daphnis—I thought so by your Chloes!"—*Vorick*.

AT the Shotley Bridge County Court on Monday, Mr. Mace, owner of the racehorse Dalmeney, sued the stakeholders at the late Consett race meeting for the amount of a stake. Mr. Mace lodged an objection against Chiverton in the Derwent Stakes, alleging that the horse raced inside a post; and inquiry was held by three of the stewards, two of whom awarded the stakes to Chiverton. Mr. Mace's contention was that the objection was not properly considered. His Honour said, the majority of the stewards having given their decision, he had no jurisdiction in the case. The plaintiff was, therefore, nonsuited.

BY-THE-BYE,

you may, perhaps, remember that in these papers I have several times referred to Lucius Junius Booth, an English actor who acquired fame on both sides of the Atlantic. We have in our theatrical records many anecdotes of him, but a new one—a strange and terrible one—has cropped up in an American paper, which I fancy has not before been in print. When Booth was playing Shakspearean characters at the Holiday Theatre, in Baltimore, the manager, Mr. Ward was one night in a state of great agitation and perplexity. It was time to “ring in the first music,” when Booth had not arrived, and a messenger who had been in search of him had not found him. Then Mr. Ward told the agitated lessee, Mr. Jefferson Mc. Kensie, of the unfortunate fact, and went himself to seek out the strangely absent tragedian, starting other messengers in various directions.

Ward learnt that Booth had been talking about the serious illness of his child, and was very deeply and strangely affected thereby. Thinking it likely that sorrow had driven his friend to drink, Ward searched every bar-room in the vicinity of the theatre, but sought in vain. At last a little boy, one of his messengers, came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in Front-street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there he saw the object of his search seated on a rafter, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

“Booth,” said the manager imploringly, “for heaven’s sake come down! It’s nearly eight o’clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces.”

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, thundered forth:—

“I am seated on my throne!
As proud a one as von distant mountain,
Where the sun makes his last stand!”

“Come my dear fellow, let’s go; we’ll have a glass of brandy and a supper, and all that. Come, please come.”

Booth descended gradually, and kissing the tips of his fingers replied with a smile;—“I attend with all becoming grace. Lead on, my Lord of Essex. To the tower—to the tower.”

After a little persuasion Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, and with terrible feelings of dread and anxiety saw the curtain rise and the play go on. Just as the second act was about to commence a messenger hurried behind the scenes, and before he could be stopped was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

“What?” said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad, white temples, with desperate tightness, “dead, and buried? dead! and buried! My poor child—my loved, my beautiful little one?” Then the curtain rose and without another word he went on the stage, commencing:—

“She has health to progress as far as Chertsey,
Though not to bear the sight of me,” &c.

The beautiful scene between Anne and Gloster was never better played. The actor, “the noblest of them all” when he chose to give his genius full sway, delivered the words of the great bard with thrilling effect, but there was a strange calmness about his manner that told Ward his mind was not upon his character. Still, the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and those behind the scene stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on, but Booth was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and a farmer, as he drove his wagon to market, was startled from his reverie as he saw a horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened disclosed a glittering dress beneath—ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his Richard costume! A wild frenzy had seized him, and regardless of everything he rode to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flashing sword, the startled farmer saw him throw the jewelled cap from his burning and throbbing head, and lash his horse’s flank with the bare weapon until the perspiring animal quivered with pain. The tall, dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver-frosted branches, and the raving madman thinking they were men sent in pursuit lying in wait, and clutching at him as he passed, cut at them with his sword and poured forth the bitterest curses and oaths as he flew rapidly by.

At last the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, saw the white tops of the monuments amongst the dark foliage and raised a shout wild enough to have scared the ghosts of the dead from their graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse. It was the work of a moment (and the insane are cunning beyond all imagining) to wrench the wooden door from the vault containing the body of his child. He took the tiny coffin in his arms, and with the strong arm of a desperate man tore open the lid. As it fell the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued in a fierce hot kiss to the lips of the mad actor!

On the following morning some member of the tragedian’s family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open, and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness, and caressing the corpse of his little one. Such is the story.

It is well-known that the elder Booth was a curiously eccentric man who frequently disappointed his audiences, and it is as well known that when in America he was subject to fits of insanity, which sometimes rendered his confinement necessary. Did these fits precede or follow the date of the above story? The mere fact that jealousy of the elder Kean drove him to America, shows the strength of his feelings. I shall some day occupy a quiet hour by the fireside at home in an attempt to discover the period of Booth’s career to which this awful tale belongs.

And this sad story, by-the-by, reminds me of poor Joey Grimaldi, of whom in this gossiping Bye-way of mine I was speaking a few weeks since. Do you remember how strange an effect the shock communicated by the news of his son’s death had upon him?

The degraded and ungrateful young man had been a source of intense grief, anxiety, and pecuniary trouble to poor Joe and his (second) wife for many years, but he never ceased to love him; and when the news of his death came he—Joey—was in the last stage of bodily decay and weakness; but, says his biography, so great was the shock that, “In one instant every feeling of decrepitude or bodily weakness left him; his limbs recovered their original vigour; all his lassitude and debility vanished; a difficulty of breathing, under which he had long laboured, disappeared, and, starting from his seat, he rushed to his wife’s chamber, tearing without the least difficulty up a flight of stairs, which a quarter of an hour before it had taken him ten minutes to climb. He hurried to her bedside, told her their son was dead, heard her first passionate outburst of grief, and, falling into a chair, was once again an enfeebled and decrepit old man.”

Talking of Grimaldi, by-the-by, I recently met with a curious story of his grandfather and grandmother. Grimaldi, the grandfather, was a famous stage-dancer, whose wonderful strength and agility won him the title of Iron-legs, as the following lines written in his lifetime, and in French, show:—

Hail Iron-legs! immortal pair,
Agile, firm knit, and peerless,
That skim the earth, or vault in air,
Aspiring, high, and fearless.

Turning over the leaves of an old volume of an old and once famous magazine, I met with this story of “the oldest Grimaldi.” He had a shrewish wife, with whom he frequently quarrelled, and the pair at last succeeded in making their lives so intensely miserable that in despair they determined to end them. So Mr. Grimaldi went to a neighbouring apothecary and bought “an ounce of arsenic, to poison the rats.” Taking it home, “the illustrious Punch and Judy” swallowed, in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly powder, and with tears and embraces, separated, that neither might have the pang of seeing the other’s sufferings and death. He went to the sitting-room couch, she to her bed in the adjoining room, leaving the door between the two rooms open. A long, solemn pause ensued, and in the silence each listened with terrible intensity. But nothing was heard except an occasional sob from Mrs. G., and a quivering sigh from Mr. G. Both were in tears. At last his patience was exhausted, minutes seemed hours, and in a deep, low voice he asked:—

“Are you dead, love?”

And with a sigh she answered “No.”

“Dom!” growled he angrily.

“Grimaldi!” said she reproachfully.

Half an hour elapsed and at length Mrs. Grimaldi found the silence unbearable. Frightful visions of her husband’s face, ghastly and motionless in death were before her as she tremblingly raised herself in her bed, and cried out,

“Mr. Grimaldi are you dead?”

And the gruff reply came, “No, Mrs. Grimaldi.”

For two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last the lady’s turn coming again, she in an almost hysterical shriek repeated the inquiry.

“Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?” as if his living were a most incredible thing. Grimaldi then replied “No my dear, I am not, and I don’t think I shall die to night, unless it is of starvation. Get up out of de bed, Mrs. Grimaldi, and see for some supper, for I am very hungry.”

And so ended this fatal performance, for the apothecary knew them, and guessing their purpose had prudently given Mr. Grimaldi a small parcel of magnesia.

And, talking of Iron Legs, reminds us, by-the-by, that even in Shakspeare’s time, the stage had one who fully merited that title. You may remember that, in one of Ben Jonson’s plays, we read, “Would I had Kemp’s shoes to throw after you,” the explanation of which saying appears to have some now forgotten reference to William Kemp, an actor, who was the original Dogberry, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. His shoes must have been a very serviceable pair, if they were those in which he danced a morris from London to Norwich in nine days. Of this dance, he printed an account, which was published A.D. 1600, entitled “Kemp’s Nine Days’ Wonder,” and remembering what the roads were then like, we must add a wonder it was.

Speaking of wonderful feats, by-the-by, I was one of a little party of journalists and others who, last Saturday afternoon, witnessed a private exhibition of Mr. Frayne’s skill, at the Olympic. The object of the meeting was to show, past all possibility of

would be most satisfactory to us as a fair test of his ability, and failing to receive a reply, adopted a truly startling one. The critics had said that when Mrs. Frayne had the apple placed on her head, and was covered in a thick shawl from head to foot, she probably disappeared before the shot was fired. In the present case a gentleman took the lady’s place, and his head only was protected with a thick covering. The earthen-ware teapot was held by another of the “team” immediately behind the apple on the head of the first gentleman, and a third held in front of the apple between his finger and thumb the lid of Mr. Frayne’s percussion cap box (of which we give a diagram, showing the exact size). Again turning his back, and firing over his shoulder, the bullet passed through the box lid, smashed the apple on the head, and shattered the upheld teapot into small fragments. I was standing in the stall about four-seats from the orchestra, and a piece of the teapot struck me a smart blow on the forehead. Our own critic suggested, as you will remember, that this effect might be due “to electricity or the concussion of the discharges acting on apparently solid, but in reality fragile objects.” I can only say that the box lid was real, for I carried it away, that the apple given to Mr. Frayne for the feat was real, and the piece of earthenware which struck my forehead was real. If deception be in the case, I can only say that with every facility afforded us for its detection we failed to discover it, and that consequently I have not the slightest right to do anything but absolve Mr. Frayne from the charge of deceiving his audience.

By-the-by, do you chance to recollect a story which Houdin, the conjuror, used to tell of a Count de Torrini, who being reduced to poverty, took to the display of his skill as a conjuror for the means of living. He, too, used to do the William Tell trick, and to place the apple on the head of his son, of whom he was devotedly fond. On one occasion, when continued success and a crowded audience had raised his spirits to the highest state of pleasurable excitement, he placed the apple on his dear boy’s head, aimed, and fired. To his astonishment the boy fell flat upon his face on the stage! At first he smiled, and then his face grew white with a terrible fear. He raised his son. The boy was dead! It must have been an awful scene to witness. Frantic with horror he denounced himself as a murderer, and demanded justice on the slayer of his son—himself! He afterwards confessed that the exhibition had been no fair feat of skill, but a mere conjuring trick. The ramrod removed the bullet—as he thought with unerring certainty—but in this case it had failed to do so, and his son’s life had been sacrificed in consequence. But we have supped full of horrors, and lest I should add to the meal I once more put aside the pen of

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, the subject of our double-page engraving this week, is the sixth daughter of the late Captain Marryat, R.N., C.B., the author of “Peter Simple,” and “Midshipman Easy,” &c., &c., whose name is still amongst us as a household word. She is well known, herself, as the author of “Love’s Conflict,” and seventeen other novels which have appeared from her pen in the space of eleven years. She has acquired some popularity during the last three years as a dramatic reader, both in England and Ireland, and in the spring of 1876 she joined her talent to that of Mr. Geo. Grossmith, Jun., in an entertainment called “Entre Nous,” which has been received with the utmost favour, both in London and the provinces. In “Entre Nous” Florence Marryat appears in several costume recitals, written expressly for her by popular authors. Our sketch represents her in the character of a maniac, from a piece entitled, “Ward 3, Dangerous,” written by Mr. F. R. Weatherly, her impersonation of which was pronounced by the press to evince the possession of high histrionic powers, and to be realistic to a degree. This recital has not yet been heard in London, but Miss Marryat intends introducing it in her ensuing engagements for the spring.

ON THE TRACK.

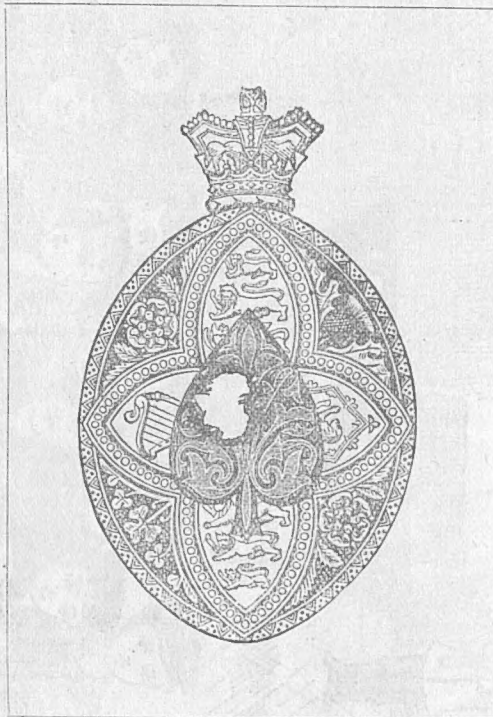
WE, of course, know nothing in this country of the camping out and weeks of solitary wanderings in wild districts untrodden by the feet of men, which are features of sport in other countries. But daring sportsmen, who, like the Earl of Dunraven, put their feet into mocassins and their legs into deerskin, and with rifle on shoulder and knife in belt, pass months in the endurance of all those wintry hardships and dangers which the Indian knows so well, have stirring tales to tell of sport before which stories of home shooting pale their ineffectual fires. To wind snake-like through the dense undergrowth of some gloomy forest which the settler’s axe has not reached, seeking the track of bear or deer, when the snow is deep in the hollows and the rivers are sheets of ice. To sit down when the black night comes by a crackling and blazing fire, roasting some savoury venison for your supper with such a sense of solitude as you can experience under no other conditions, is to feel what the primitive hunters felt when sport was the necessity of their daily life, and its absence misery and death. There is much of the feeling these things engender in our artists drawing of “On the Track.”

“LA MESSALINA.”

THE first representation of *Messalina* created a commotion, not to say a sensation, and well it might. It seems ages since Italy, the acknowledged cradle of music has given birth to anything worth mentioning, but its latest musical production, if foreign critics are to be believed, has arrived with an éclat rarely accorded to the most aspiring, so that Mr. Cossa has every reason to be proud of his well-earned success and laurels. Cossa’s opera, we are informed, has the stamp of being artistic, sprightly, and powerful. The secret of its effect is in its grandness of verse more than in its correctness of design, but there can be no doubt it will rank high in art; and great credit is due to the composer for the manner in which he has handled his theme. It is easy enough to create Romans and Greeks in one’s imagination, or on paper. But when the same have to be infused with life, and are intended to carry you back centuries, so that you are to fancy yourself in the ancient city of Pompeii, taking part in what you are seeing, and when that has been satisfactorily accomplished, it is then you acknowledge Cossa’s learned familiarity with the subject he has so ably handled. The parts, though difficult in the extreme, were acted admirably, and great credit is due to Miss Tessero, whose alternate terrible outbursts of passion and love were beautifully executed; she had the caress of the tiger, and the impatience of the panther, or woman and empress, but all in their true and natural conception, neither too servile in the one case, nor tame in the other.

Biagi, in the part of Bito, the gladiator, in the second scene with *Messalina*, had a most arduous part to perform, and found it difficult to accentuate the varied fierce passions he had to mimic; but, notwithstanding, he did well, and, no doubt, in time will rectify a few defects.

“*Messalina*,” says our informant, “must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. No description, no matter how graphic, can convey to the mind the effects it conveys, the whole plot, ideas, and rendering are so original, and we think it will not be long before it has made the tour of Europe.”



FAC-SIMILE OF CARD HIT AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YARDS.
(SAME SIZE AS THE ORIGINAL.)

reasonable doubt, that the feats are not conjuring tricks, as many of the incredulous dramatic critics asserted they were—our own amongst them—but genuine manifestations of extraordinary skill. Mr. Frayne submitted his rifles and ammunition to our inspection, and loaded while standing in our midst. He fired from the back of the boxes at a playing-card fastened on a block of wood, and penetrated the centre of it (it was the ace of spades), and we have here a photograph from it engraved by “process.”

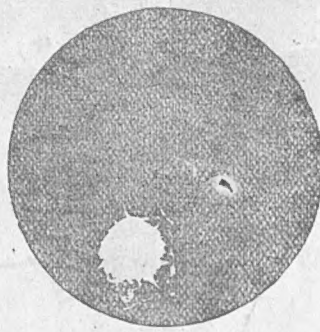
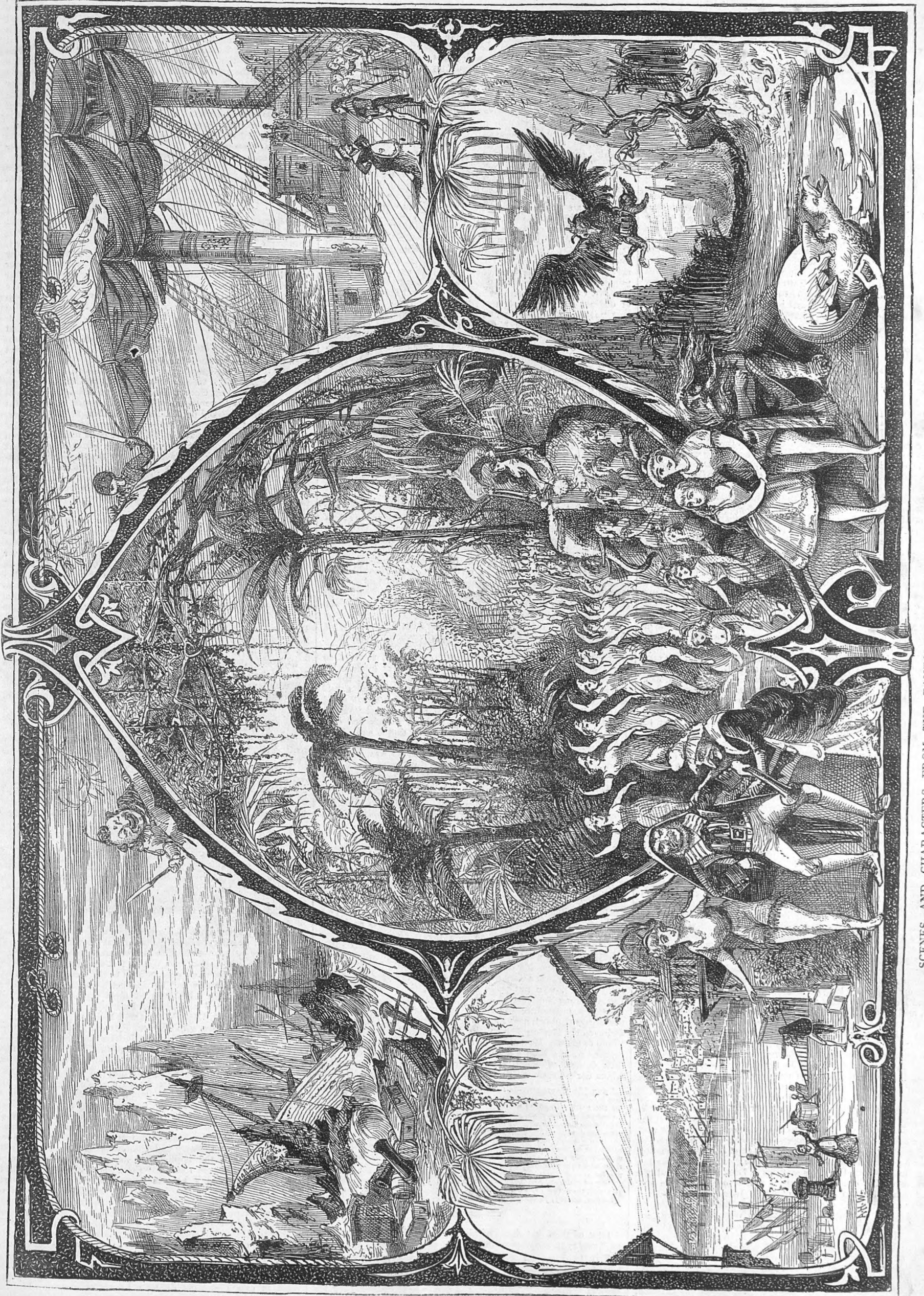


DIAGRAM OF CAP-BOX LID.
(SAME SIZE AS THE ORIGINAL.)

He invited any gentleman to hold the apple, which he promised to hit with a bullet from any one of the rifles we chose to select from those before us. We laughed, but no one responded, until an artist on our staff, Mr. Harold Furniss, quietly rose, and held the apple, which was seemingly hit by the bullet we had examined. Mr. Frayne fired with his back to Mr. Furniss, aiming by the aid of a small mirror. Mr. Frayne then requested us to suggest some feat which



SCENE FROM THE LILIPUTIAN PANTOMIME AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

TURFIANA.

THE appearance of the first January *Calendar* may be looked upon as the beginning of the end of the reign of distress, and sporting scribes who, well nigh at drowning point, were eagerly clutching at any stray straw wherewith to make their weekly or daily *quantum* of bricks, breathe freely once more, and hail the land in sight. Regarding them as a whole, the New Year entries are fairly reassuring as regards that exalted state of Turf prosperity of which we have heard so much, and the spring handicaps, taken on an average, indicate that we are much as we were a twelvemonth ago. The falling-off in the Liverpool Grand National has been commented upon with surprise and disappointment, for which we see no just cause, now that the former importance of the Aintree event has been lessened by so many rivals in the field, and everything nowadays is "Grand," and mostly "National" or "International," while added monkeys are as common as their namesakes in an Indian jungle. No wonder, then, that the reputation of the Liverpool steeplechase should be seriously shaken; but we have no doubt that a sufficient odour of hallowed antiquity will hang about it for some time to come to make speculation on its result a feature in the market. Croydon bids fair to make a stir with the (of course) "Grand National" Hurdle Handicap, and owners, in this go-ahead age, do not seem to shrink from burning the candle at both ends with their instruments of gambling, for, as soon as a Goodwood Stakes winner has finished his season on the flat, he is straightway set to learn the fencing business, and this with the Ascot Gold Cup in view for next June. The Criterion at Newmarket still sustains its ancient popularity; but there are some jaw-breaking names in store for the ring among the entries, and we should like to be present at a "spelling bee," held at Tattersall's or one of the clubs, among the metallic fraternity, and to hear the notions of some of them as to the correct spelling and pronunciation of Cærau, Cean Mohr, Wegelagerer, and Schmetterling; while Blaw Hexe and Gihberteria would puzzle not a few who were educated in pre-school-board days.

The Gold Cup has attracted no less than thirty-six subscribers on the strength of its "cool thousand" added money; but quality does not show conspicuously in proportion to quantity, and for many of the entries it must be anything but a "Hopeful Stakes." Check by jowl with Kisber, Petrarch, Camellia, Rosebery, and New Holland, we find the hurdle racer Hampton, the Queen's Platers Charon and Lilian, the helpless Great Tom, and a whole host of mere handicap horses, whose appearance in the list we can only account for on the supposition that it is "pleasant sure" to their owners to see their names in print on the Thursday card, and to have them lisped by patrician lips before the numbers go up. The three-year-olds are numerically strong, but it seems to be the fashion of late years to keep the cracks for Doncaster, and even if Palm Flower or Placida should blossom into an Oaks winner, they have but an indifferent following in Collingbourne, Winchelsea, Sugarloaf, Rob Roy, Warren Hastings, and K. G., none of which look (on paper) like getting the distance in moderate company. Bersaglier, St. Leger, and Hoppbloom, represent the handicap division; and there are five sealed nominations, the contents of which we defy even a Slade to discover, for though Lord Rosebery's may possibly be controversial and Mr. Gomm's the Warrior, it is difficult to hazard a guess at the champion which is to represent the blue and silver of Middleham, or the great unknowns which represent Lord Lascelles and Squire Drake. Coltness is selected to do battle for Green Lodge, and so it appears that Springfield is to be again limited to the sprinting business, and a very "hot" lot he will have to meet in the All Aged Stakes, the score of entries for which comprises Thunderstone, Bruce, Petrarch, Warrior, Lollypop, Ecossais, Rob Roy, Trappist, Controversy, and Crann Tair, but for some unaccountable reason the race usually assumes a very limited aspect at last. The Alexandra Plate is well patronised, and Ebor is amongst the nominations, though it is difficult to conceive what chance he can have among the company he is likely to meet; while we are to be treated to another look at Umpire, who is entitled to move for a new trial after his Cesarewitch performance last year, and will speedily be reckoned up in the weight-for-age scale.

The Glasgow stallions will come up for hiring on Monday next at Albert Gate, when Musket and General Peel will also be offered. The two latter are "not to leave England," a limitation we should like to see placed on many more stallions, for the foreigners seem only to "ask and have" now. Musket was as thoroughly genuine a stayer as ever stood on iron, and had more girth as well as more heart than General Peel, whose stock are all inclined to be soft like their sire; and altogether the Glasgow breed is oversized and coachy for thoroughbred purposes, though there are exceptions among them, Cleveland and First Flight to wit, the latter a bit of a savage, but a model for getting natty cobs and roadsters. We should be thankful to any correspondent who would take the trouble to enlighten us as to the destination of some of these monsters, and whether or not their hirers succeed in attracting much of the "local talent" among brood mares in country places. The time is hardly ripe yet for ascertaining whether or not any good has been wrought in districts where their services have been called into requisition, but it would be strange if some benefit has not resulted from the introduction of fine, sound, bony sires into places previously "walked" by some weedy screw, full of hereditary disease, and with all the family imperfections thick upon him. Among fashionable sires, we are surprised to see that even a single subscription to Adventurer hangs fire, as it is no long odds against his being credited with a second Derby winner this year, and there are Stockwell, Rataplan, and Venison mares galore just suited to him. Camballo, that D'Orsay among thoroughbreds, and one of the handsomest horses of our age, commences stud life at Croft (where they will be pretty full this season, what with Albert Victor, Barefoot and Andred), and we see no reason whatever why Mr. Vyner's favourite should not "get racehorses," as the saying goes. Shelly and brittle feet were the bane of the grey-tailed one, a drawback peculiar to the Newminster family, but they need not be perpetuated in all cases, and a more fashionable horse in all his points than Camballo was never led out to a mare. Esca, the sire of Snail, is one of the few Voltigeurs now at the stud, a fact which speaks for itself as to the success of the worshipped Aske horse, all of whose posthumous fame must rest on his grandsons Speculum and Galopin, though old Vedette is still in the flesh, and hale and hearty as in those glorious summers when he ran loose among the frisky matrons of Diss, and was head of a Mormon equine establishment, such as it is to be hoped we may never hear of again in this country. John Davis is another descendant, and surely cheap enough at 15 guineas; for out of some very second-rate mares he has begotten Winchelsea, John Day, and others, and we have heard him spoken of in high terms by one of our most experienced breeders. Mogador, too, has got Tetrarch, in addition to Pathfinder, the Great National winner of 1874, and it will be seen that this is another instance of the son of King Tom promising well at the stud. Kingcraft, King Lud, and King O' Scots are a trio boasting descent from the Mentmore Nestor, and Wingrave (destination unknown), Restitution, Master Fenton, Dalesman (deceased), and others represent a formidable body, tracing upwards to the same source. Lacydes keeps Wenlock company at Weston-under-Lizard, but we have always, in spite of his fine blood, set him down as rather a chance

horse, though most of his stock are handsome enough. Mars, Moorlands, and Moulsey are all new "claimants," and the latter has come down to a "fiver" fee, and winners, or dams of winners, *gratis*, an encouragement which will not do much to gladden the heart of Smallwood, who has not had a sire of mark at Middlethorpe for some time. Old Vulcan cannot be considered dear at 8 guineas, and we would rather send mares to him than to half the flashy impostors covering at three or four times his figure. Altogether we can show a pretty strong list of over one hundred specimens, which does not include Blair Athol, Doncaster, nor Speculum, all of which secured their complements off-hand. King of the Forest, too, has been full for some weeks, and as it was "first come first served" in his case, some shrewd owners and mares of high character had to be sent empty away.

The erasures from the Forfeit List are happily numerous, and comprise the names of those in default through accident, mistake, or carelessness. All these have risen to the surface; but there remains a residuum of black dregs which no time will cleanse away, and we cherish no hope of seeing quite a clean bill of health reported from this quarter, nor a blank sheet suspended in the weighing-rooms of clerks of courses. The "twenty-five pound penalty" on anonymity has told its inevitable tale, and of the seventeen assumed names at present registered, we can put our finger on more than half as "old customers," all good men and true, and not likely to bring scandal on the Turf. "Hunting certificates" are rather delicate ground on which to venture, and we fully sympathise with masters of hounds who are called upon to grant the diploma of "regularly and fairly hunted" to certain of the quadrupeds to which their attention is directed at the covert-side. It often strikes us that this branch of our national sport bears uncommonly little fruit, and that the number of horses which actually face the starter in a hunter's race bear a remarkably small proportion to those qualified "as sich." We are glad to observe that Mr. Crawford is foremost in following the French precedent of distinguishing similarly named horses, and we heartily trust that "Dalmaspidal II." will have better fortune than the first "of that ilk." Among Mr. Ellam's youngsters we notice the somewhat unusual occurrence of twins by Ethus out of Tormentor having attained yearling's estate; and to render the case complete, these young ladies should run a dead heat for the Oaks, which their mother won so cleverly. The usual unwelcome little strangers have appeared before their time in more than one well regulated establishment, and we fully sympathise with Lord Rosslyn in his complaints of carelessness on the part of officials who are left to their own contrivances without the control of a master mind. As his lordship justly observes, there is no remedy whatever, and the unhappy suckling has to rough it in a world which would have received it with open arms and cheque-book had it been born in due time.

The "Lambourne Racing Stud Company" is the latest addition to the "limited" list, but though appearing to be scarcely launched as yet, it has commenced proceedings by "dispensing with the services of Macksey, as jockey." On the face of what we presume to be the abridged prospectus, the enterprise holds out the usual El-Dorado like inducements of "certain and immediate return of capital" to shareholders. The immortal "Kemmy" must feel highly gratified at the glowing terms in which his appointment as "trainer and general manager" has been spoken of, and should be profoundly grateful to the enthusiasts who have "bought up" Lambourne House and its contents. Still, "Walker" is an ominous name, and we wish the company well out of their first year's experience, even though they possess the exclusive right to the counsels dictated by the *metis sapientia* of their mentor.

From a stud farm, not a hundred miles from London, comes the story of a certain self-sufficient, but sadly superficial, judge of horseflesh being taken the rounds of yearlings by the manager, who, disgusted by his ignorance and presumption, resolved to put his visitor's knowledge to the test, and after hearing his criticisms on a few inferior specimens, led him up to the box of one of his crack yearlings, and told him that it contained a *real* duffer, worse than anything he had seen before. The learned "pundit" entered the box, adjusting his eyeglass, and "taking in" its occupant, proceeded to write it down a rank bad one, and turning to his *cicerone* exclaimed, "Well, that is a caution." "Why, you blank idiot," retorted the owner, "that is one of the best things we have about the place, and I was offered a thousand for it yesterday." We need not dwell upon the sequel, but the anecdote fairly illustrates the very small pretensions to instruct and guide the public of at least one of their "philosophers and friends."

SKYLARK.

A LILIPUTIAN PANTOMIME.

MR. E. L. BLANCHARD as "the Old Poy" who has prepared a pantomime for children to play for children, at the Adelphi Theatre, has achieved a great success. *Little Goody Two Shoes*, or *Harlequin and Little Boy Blue*, is very cleverly acted by its Liliputian performers, and will make the deepest and most pleasant impression of this holiday season's entertainments. Little Kate Seymour as Colin in love with Little Goody Two Shoes figures in our artist's sketch, and we think we hear again her pretty child voice singing so daintily "Once Goody Two Shoes was my Love." And Goody Two Shoes, his beloved (Miss Emilie Grattan), what a charming Liliputian schoolmistress she made. And then her brother Harry as "Little Boy Blue," of whom we also give a sketch, and that Little Tommy Green (Miss Rosy Smith), who put pussy in the well to be pulled out by Little Tommy Stout (Miss Ellen Feldon). We hold them all in pleasant remembrance, together with those talented little vocalists the Sisters Goward, and Fairy Good Nature (Little Queen Mab), and even the Demon Envy (Miss Ada Blanche). Master Bertie Coote as Clown, Master Meadows as Pantaloon, Miss Gilchrist as Harlequin, and Miss Carrie Coote, the charming and delightful little dancer, of whom we also give a sketch, and concerning whom our "Captious Critic" has received the following letter:—

DEAR MR. CAPTIOUS.—In yours of last week re the children's pantomime you give a picture sketch entitled "Premier Danseuse," doubtless intended for the child named "La Petite Cerito," in the Adelphi bills (whom you do not notice otherwise), and near the conclusion of your remarks you say re the "tiny Columbine." I would not exchange you for a cart-load of premiere danseuses. I fancy I make no mistake as to your meaning, but I put it to yourself whether many superficial readers would not take it as a reflection on the first-named mite, who apart from her talent I know to be a most lovable child, and I should therefore be very glad to see you put her right with your readers. I am quite sure that you will need no apology from me for sending you this, because you confess to being very fond of the society of children, and that feeling alone on my part prompts me to trouble you with these few lines—I am &c.,
Sutton, Surrey, January 8th, 1877.

ONE of the finest shows of pigeons ever exhibited was opened on Tuesday in the tropical department of the Crystal Palace.

THE fund set on foot by the Lord Mayor for the purpose of relieving the deep and widespread distress occasioned by the prevalent floods is evidently in full accordance with the philanthropic instincts of the public, and money is urgently needed for the assistance of the sufferers. The local floods have lasted so long, have become so numerous, and have extended over such wide tracts of country, that the visitation has assumed the magnitude of a national calamity.

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

AT the risk of nauseating my readers I must again, this week, refer to "The Great International Walk," as many still delight to call it, although, as I anticipated, the affair has well-nigh ended in smoke. After I had written my last week's notes, Weston's representatives attended at the appointed place to come to terms with "Anti-Humbug's" party, who, with the most delightful and amusing coolness, put forward "T-dy" Mills as "Anti-Humbug," and Mr. Howes was named as the intended opponent of the Yankee. The usual amount of "palaver" was gone through; the Englishman's party objecting to most of the provisions of the articles offered them for signature, and Weston's friends refusing to give way, the matter progressed no further than before. No doubt the parties concerned in "Anti-Humbug's" business have fancied themselves very clever in putting a well-known ped forward as, I might say, scapegoat; but it is rather awkward for the guileless division, when not only I myself, but others, had repeatedly, after the effusion which caused all the discussion, been asked by the identical "Teddy" Mills whether I could tell, or discover for, them who "Anti-Humbug" was, and, therefore, how could he himself be the party; moreover, the proprietor of the Powderhall Grounds, who everyone cognisant of the whole facts knows is the real "ghost," told Weston's principal backer that the mystical one was "a country gentleman like yourself." I am glad I am not "a country gentleman;" but I have, in my youthful days, repeatedly been taught about and read of "the wise men from the East." The clever conclusion "Anti-Humbug's" organ came to last Saturday is worthy of record, viz., "and if neither party gives way it is just possible that the affair will fall through." This clever demonstrator could never have been stopped by the "Pons Asinorum," or any other problem; perhaps the writer has also invented a way to keep the referee awake for six days and nights. However the padded-up match goes on I care not, and fancy my readers will also be pleased to hear no more of it; but they will join me in considering the fact worthy of notice that Weston and O'Leary are matched for a considerable sum (£1,000), but where the race will come off has not as yet been decided, although I can state on authority that the Agricultural Hall is the least likely spot. By-the-way, as I am writing on "walkists," I wonder how it is that certain journals will persist in stating that George Davison and the late C. Westhall alone have walked twenty-one miles in three hours, when the feat was fairly accomplished by Mr. Thomas Griffith, at Lillie-bridge, and although the referee found the neighbouring refreshment bar more attractive than the match, there were good men and true on the ground "clocking" the walk who can prove that the feat was accomplished. It is a remarkable fact that my sporting contemporaries often pass over many important events in the metropolitan district because the promoters are what certain people describe as little men; I like sport of every description, and don't care how far or where I go to obtain it, and last Saturday, although it was pouring with rain, I was tempted to make a journey as far as the St. Helena Gardens, Rotherhithe, where I discovered that three pedestrian handicaps were being decided. The principal affair, however, was the race for the proprietor's (Mr. Thomas Porter) handsome half-mile challenge cup, being a splendid silver vase, valued at 30 guineas, the conditions being that the trophy is to be held twelve months, or to be won thrice in succession, before becoming the absolute property of the winner, the holder to run when challenged, for not less than a tanner a-side, and the winner to be put back five yards for his first win, and three more in case of a second victory, no further penalty being enforced. P. Holmes, of Bow, on the 75 yards mark, proved the victor, and he has a fair chance now of holding one of the handsomest prizes on offer in the metropolitan district for some time.

Cricket, "delightful sound," I can notice this week as on Tuesday last at the George Hotel, Nottingham, the long-pending presentation to R. Daft, the popular Notts player, was brought to a successful consummation, this testimonial taking the shape of a magnificent silver tea and coffee service, a silver salver, and a purse of 500 sovereigns; Sir H. G. Bromley, who occupied the chair, added a sealed donation of his own; Mr. Walker (Middlesex) a solid silver tankard, and Captain Holden, hon. sec. of the Notts C.C., a handsome silver hunting flask. Amongst others present were Captain Denison, M.P., for Nottingham, W. Lambert, Esq., ex-mayor, and T. Barker, G. Parr, G. Wootton, A. Clarke, T. Davies, and F. Tinley. The Australian eleven are, or rather were, at my last advices doing well at Geelong, and last Monday, according to cablegram, they beat the local team in one innings with 103 runs to spare; but this feat they have "out-Heroded," if I am to believe a contemporary, as that worthy states that the Australian eleven won a *drawn* game against Geelong; this is a problem that would suit the critic mentioned above, but I have no doubt he would arrive, or fancy he had arrived, at the Q.E.D. Cambridge University have added T. Veitch (Surrey) and Platt (Derbyshire) to their list of ground bowlers. As the Notts C.C. have now got over the Daft presentation, may I suggest that the County Committee might do worse than organise a benefit on behalf of the widow and family of the late S. Bidulph.

Football players have had a bad time of it lately, and should the present weather continue, "flooded out" will be the universal cry. The usual number of club matches have, however, been decided. The Flamingoes and Wasps met in friendly warfare on Saturday, when the birds were worsted to the mere trifle of a try to nil; Prairie Rangers and St. Stephen's (Westminster) played a draw; Notts Race Club beat Sheffield Garrick, by a goal to nothing; Richmond and Ealing Park played a draw; Great Marlow smothered High Wycombe, by seven goals to none; Ravens made a draw with Hornsey Rovers; First Surrey Rifles and Barnes did likewise; Clapham Rovers defeated Old Harrovians, by a goal to nothing; Swifts beat Bradford Waifs, by four goals to love; also sundry other contests too numerous to mention.

Billiards are now looking up a trifle; on Thursday next, W. Cook, the champion, will attempt to concede Tom Taylor 300 points in 1,000 for £200, and a grand match it will be, as "Tom" is very fit indeed, and, moreover, is much fancied by his partisans; still, the champion is a very demon, and I fancy will just land. Taylor has also to play Jos. Bennett for £100 a-side, on a championship table; S. W. Stanley also is matched against the champion on an ordinary and championship table; and Fred. Bennett has had the impu—, I mean temerity, to challenge Cook with 300 start in 1,000. "Fred." is a good player, but if the champion thinks he can give Taylor the same start, how much rather would he get on with the champion of Kent; I think if Taylor and F. Bennett were to meet on level terms, I should be tempted to break my vow, and lay odds on one, if to the extent of 10 to 1. What a pity it is that certain publications will allow their contributors to write a lot of lying trash on certain matters they are unacquainted with. This has been the case with an illustrated contemporary, who has allowed a most scurrilous article to appear on billiard players, but I will not mention it further, being unwilling to touch pitch, in case I may get defiled. Lovers of billiards will, from my foregoing remarks, see that Joseph Bennett, who in his best day was deservedly described as the "prince of all-round players," intends to come out strongly this season. I am glad to see it, and no one welcomes his return to active service more than EXON.

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

MENDELSSOHN'S oratorio *Elijah* was performed last week at Exeter Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and attracted a large audience. It is, and has long been highly popular in England, and with the exceptions of Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation*, there is probably no oratorio so certain to attract our native music-lovers. The story is full of dramatic interest, and is well told in the libretto. How well it has been musically illustrated by Mendelssohn there is little need to say. The music assigned to the Prophet is full of dignity, mingled with religious fervour; and is equally appropriate in the declamatory passages, where the priests of Baal are denounced, and in the pathetic utterances of submission to painful trials, incurred in the service of the Lord. The music sung by the tenor, Obadiah, by the angels, and especially by the chorus, may be placed side by side with the masterpieces of Handel; and at every fresh hearing of the work it becomes more evident that had its composer been spared to carry out his intention of writing for the operatic stage, his wonderful faculty of characterisation, combined with his divine gift of melody, and his command of musical resources, would have ensured the production of masterpieces worthy to serve as models of art, and to direct the course of musical taste. Since *Elijah* was first produced in public at the Norwich Festival, 26th August, 1846, it has been performed many times in all the chief towns of the kingdom, but nowhere so frequently as in London, where its traditions have been faithfully preserved by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

In the performance under notice there was much that merited praise. The choruses, with but few and small exceptions, were well sung, especially the fine dramatic chorus, "Baal we cry to thee!" in which the idolators call on their idol to vindicate his divine claims by working a miracle. The thankful chorus of the Israelites, "Thanks be to God," sung by them after rain has descended in compliance with the prayers of Elijah, was also a fine specimen of choral singing. The orchestra did justice to the instrumentation, and Sir Michael Costa was more than equal to the task of conducting. The execution of the solo music was not in all respects satisfactory. Nothing could be better than Mrs. Patey's rendering of "O rest in the Lord," which was deservedly encored; and the second contralto, Miss Hancock, sang "Woe unto them" with much beauty of voice, and in the purest style. Both these ladies were conspicuous for the clearness of their articulation, as well as for the other excellencies of their singing. Similar praise cannot be unreservedly given to the other solo artists, most of whom seemed chiefly anxious to produce effective notes, and comparatively regardless of the equally important duty of pronouncing distinctly the words to which the notes were attached. This fault has latterly been more observable than it should be. It is of the first importance that the words in oratorio music should be clearly enunciated, so that the listener may comprehend the story, and thus be enabled to appreciate the quality of the music. It is idle to urge that the listener may provide himself with a printed book of words. The listener, who is obliged simultaneously to read and listen, is deprived of half his enjoyment, and as a matter of fact is unjustly compelled to endure inconvenience which is caused by no fault of his own, but by the carelessness or inefficiency of the vocalist. If allowance may, with some fairness, be claimed for occasional indistinctness of articulation in arias and concerted music, there can be no excuse for this defect in the case of recitatives. These present no difficulty to the singer who knows how to declaim; they are essential to the comprehension of the story; yet they are frequently so badly delivered as to be unintelligible without the printed libretto. Formerly, the polished and clear delivery of recitative was considered one of the highest merits of a singer, and such exemplars as Clara Novello, Henry Phillips, and Sims Reeves, afford proof that it is not in any way obstructed by the peculiarities of the English language. Most of our modern singers rely too much on mere vocalisation, and seem to think that the tenor who can sing an "upper C sharp from the chest," or the basso who can produce "a double D," may be sure of success. Were they wiser, they would discover that the impression produced by these tours de force is evanescent, and that singers who are unable to achieve them, but who have attained those higher graces of art, among which a polished elocution occupies an important place, will generally secure a firmer hold on the sympathies of an audience than their phenomenally-endowed competitors. The subject is important, and as it is intimately connected with the best interests of art, we may hereafter devote to it the special attention which it merits. We may add that, although the preceding observations have been suggested by the recent performance of *Elijah*, we have no wish to imply that any of the artists who took part in that performance was specially inefficient. It is precisely because the defects referred to are usually exhibited by the majority of our oratorio singers that these observations have been made.

Besides Mrs. Patey and Miss Hancock, each of whom merited the applause she received, the following artistes assisted:—Madame Sherrington, Miss J. Jones, MM. Wilford Morgan, Carter, C. Henry, De Lacy, and Fox. Madame Sherrington's most successful effort was made in "Hear ye, Israel." Mr. Wilford Morgan, although suffering from hoarseness, sang the tenor music with artistic expression. Mr. G. Fox was over-weighted in the rôle of Elijah, which is too low for his voice. Both in the declamatory and the pathetic portions of the music he was deficient in power of dramatic expression; but in his last effort—the air, "It is enough"—he obtained considerable applause. The other artists above-named took part in the concerted music only. On Friday, the 26th inst., Handel's *Solomon* will be performed.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

On Saturday last St. James's Hall was filled to overflowing. The attraction which drew a large audience from all quarters of the compass was the first ballad concert of the season, under the direction of Mr. John Boosdy. The bill of fare was ample, and no less than seventeen songs were included in the programme, besides four concerted pieces sung by the London Vocal Union, and two pianoforte solos played by the queen of pianists, Madame Arabella Goddard. As usual at these concerts, modern songs were intermixed with old ones, and the latter pleased the most. Mr. Sims Reeves sang a new song, "Smile and bid me live," composed by Signor Pinski, and, as a matter of course, was recalled. His second song, "The Pilgrim of Love," aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, and the great tenor was obliged to reappear a third time, and to sing another song. This was "Come into the garden, Maud," which was followed by enthusiastic applause. Mr. Lloyd was hardly less successful in Henry Carey's "Sally in our Alley," which he was compelled to repeat. Madame A. Sterling obtained a similar success in Hullah's "Three Fishers" which was deservedly encored. The only other encore were those bestowed on Madame Arabella Goddard's two solos—Thaiberg's transcription of "Com'è gentil," and De Sivrai's "Balmoral." Of these slight materials she

made splendid use, and her superb playing elicited enthusiastic applause. Madame Sherrington contributed a new ballad "The Little Shepherdess," by Molloy, which was much applauded, Schumann's "Humility" and Taubert's acceptable "Woodland Song." Miss Anna Williams in "Wapping Old Stairs" and Mr. Wadmore in "One Kind Glance" (from Mr. Cowen's *Pauline*) secured favour. Mr. Kenningham and Mr. Kempton also assisted, and the excellent singing of the London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr. F. Walker, greatly enhanced the success of the concert. Mr. Sidney Naylor discharged his duties as sole conductor with his invariable efficiency.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The continuous and ever-increasing popularity of the Monday Popular Concerts is in itself an answer to the sneers (growing fainter every day) of those Continental critics who question our right to be considered a musical nation. Where is the Continental capital which can show a parallel to these concerts, which for the last nineteen years have been devoted to the familiarisation of all classes with the finest chamber music of the greatest composers, interpreted by the best executants the world can furnish? They are not maintained in existence by aristocratic patronage, for although they are patronised by noble and royal personages, they are chiefly supported by the upper middle classes, and by the humbler but not less discriminating votaries of music who crowd into the shilling seats on nearly half the Mondays in the year. They are not dependent on the support of partisans belonging to any particular school, for they are guided by an eclectic taste, and while the admitted masterpieces of classical composers predominate, the efforts of modern composers receive consideration, and the works of every school are by turns presented. These concerts have brought into fashion the now almost universal custom of providing analytical programmes; and it may safely be said that the programme-books of the 570 concerts which have already been given contain a body of musical criticism which is unsurpassed for brilliancy, power, impartiality, research, and mastery of the subject to which it is devoted. Thus aided, the listener combines intellectual activity with sensuous enjoyment, and gradually learns how to appreciate the skilful contrivances and the bright imaginings which have given him delight. No one likes to be told authoritatively what to admire and what to censure; and dogmatic teaching is generally unprofitable, and frequently irritating. If a student or amateur of painting were conducted through a picture-gallery by a master of the art, who should content himself with "laying down the law" as to the merits and demerits of the works inspected, he might listen with a blind faith, yet his judgment would be little developed. But when a master of his art elucidates its workings, shows how effects have been produced, and points out the skilful contrivances which have led to happy results, the work under examination becomes the text of a practical discourse, pregnant with benefit to its recipient. This is the course which has been followed by the able writer of the Monday Popular Concert programmes, and his critical analyses are by no means the least among the many benefits to art which have resulted from these concerts. It is to be regretted that the chamber music of native composers is seldom or never found in the programmes, but we have sufficient faith in the patriotism as well as the judgment of the energetic director, Mr. Arthur Chappell, to believe that he would gladly produce any native work of sufficient merit. He may be warmly congratulated on the success which has rewarded his spirited perseverance in an enterprise which at the outset seemed hopeless; and that success affords to his musical fellow-countrymen a source of legitimate pride.

The first Monday Popular Concert since the Christmas interval was given on Monday last, and the following interesting selection was provided:—

| PART I. | | |
|--|-------|------------|
| Divertimento, in B flat, for two violins, viola, two horns, and violoncello. | | Mozart. |
| MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Wendland, Standen, Reynolds, and Piatti. | | |
| Song, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken." | | Bach. |
| Mdlle. Thekla Friedländer. | | |
| Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone. | | Beethoven. |
| Mdlle. Marie Krebs. | | |
| PART II. | | |
| Sonata in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for pianoforte and violoncello. | | Beethoven. |
| Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Signor Piatti. | | |
| Songs ("Der Jüngling an der Quelle" and "Marienwurmchen.") | | Schubert. |
| Mdlle. Thekla Friedländer. | | Schumann. |
| Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello. | | Haydn. |
| (First time.) | | |
| MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. | | |
| Conductor, Mr. Zerbini. | | |

It is hardly necessary to say that with such excellent artists as those engaged on this occasion, the fullest justice was done to the works performed. The only instrumental novelty was the Haydn quartet—a characteristic and delightful specimen of the master, which was warmly applauded, and will bear many repetitions.

At next Monday's concert, Chopin's Rondo, in C major for two pianofortes, will be performed by Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Miss Zimmermann.

THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

THE American Prima Donna is a modern institution. Almost every month the Italian musical journals bring us glowing accounts of American sopranos and contraltos who have made a "furore" in opera at some Italian town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and it is hinted that English, Russian, and French *impresarii* are competing for the aid of the débutantes. The American Prima Donna belongs to one of two classes—either she is rich, or riches are provided for her by compatriots who believe she has musical gifts. At all events she has the command of money, can pay for a début and a "furore," and can offer the small (or large) "testimonials," which the musical critics of Italy are said to regard as fitting rewards for columns of disinterested panegyric. Sometimes she succeeds in inspiring London managers with a belief in her powers, but it generally happens that the "furore" which was developed in the sunny climate of Italy is followed by a cold reception in these chillier regions. America sent us one prima donna truly worthy of the title; and Clara Louise Kellogg will long live in the memories of her many English admirers. She came from America direct, and the sooner America can send us such another nightingale the better we shall be pleased. The other so-called "prime donne" have come to us by way of Italy, and it may be remembered that two of them appeared at our Royal Italian Opera last season. The first of the two was Mdlle. Rosavella, otherwise Miss Blanche Tucker, who was very pretty, and was inflicted on the suffering subscribers for three nights, and then sought more congenial society on the continent. The second was Miss Emma Abbott, who so hopelessly failed on the one night when she appeared, that in deference to the warm protests of subscribers the manager thought it wiser to pay her salary for the remainder of the season, without risking her re-appearance. She was subsequently engaged by Mr. Mapleson, and played Marguerite in *Faust*, at Dublin. Her engagement was cancelled, because she refused—on moral grounds—to study the part of Violetta in *La Traviata*—a squeamishness which seems unac-

countable in a young lady who had previously played in the not very moral scene which concludes the "Garden Act" of *Faust*. Our readers, and particularly those who witnessed Miss Abbott's début, at Covent Garden, will probably be much amused by the following account of her career in England, extracted from the *New York Dispatch*:—

RETURN OF MISS EMMA ABBOTT.

The musical community were agreeably surprised by the unannounced arrival, by the White Star steamer, a few days since, of Miss Emma Abbott, the young musical prodigy whose early struggles on the threshold of her art awakened so much interest in this city.

Miss Abbott went abroad some three or four years ago, under the patronage of influential friends, for the purpose of perfecting her wonderful voice. After studying with Wortel in Paris (Christine Nilsson's preceptor), and afterwards in Italy, the indomitable little song-bird from the prairie took flight for London, and alighting at the door of Manager Gye's office, informed that autocratic impresario that her name was "Emma Abbott, from America," and that she was ready to hop on to the Covent Garden stage and sing in opera. Mr. Gye wiped off his spectacles, pulled out his ear-trumpet, and asked for a repetition of her last remark. She warbled it over again, and in five minutes was engaged.

After a long delay, she made her début and a hit. Her success was too strong. It raised Cain in the company, and little Emma found that she would have been more popular with her associates and the manager if she had been less popular with their patrons. She was condemned to the lyric purgatory. In other words she was told to draw her salary and keep mum. Mum was the very word. She was doomed not to sing for forty years—or until all jealousy had died of old age.

What did she do? Suck her thumbs and pout? Not a bit. She laid siege to the ossified heart of the manager, and got a release from her contract. Emma would melt any heart of stone. Once more free, she fluttered into the open door of the rival operatic cage, known as Her Majesty's, of which Colonel Mapleson is the bird fancier. Under his management she appeared in Dublin as Marguerite, and made a commotion in the Irish capital. Then followed a tour of the English cities and receiving ovations.

Meantime she had made her mark at the Crystal Palace concerts, London, and had begun to acquire a fashionable prestige. All went swimmingly until one day the director of the opera sent her a score of "La Traviata," and requested her to appear at a rehearsal as Violetta. The character and the libretto provoked the honest indignation of the pure-hearted girl, and her better nature rebelled at the proposition to figure on the stage as an Aspasia. She declined the rôle promptly and persistently. Mapleson said, "You must!" Conscience said she mustn't. Sequel: another cancelled contract and a rapid and unexpected return to New York.

And here she is, with a throat full of song and a determination to sing whether Fildes is elected or not. She will probably organize a company of her own, and let the managers pay to come in to hear her revive the memories of Jenny Lind.

Miss Abbott has established her musical value abroad and justified the hopes of her friends at home.

Everybody will admire her spunky independence, and applaud her resolution to maintain her self-respect, no matter at what cost.

She has acted like a heroine. Now, let us hear how she sings.

Competent artists from every clime, and especially from America, are sure to be kindly received in England; and had Miss Abbott's merits equalled her pretensions she would have been as popular here as Miss Kellogg had previously been; but as the facts of the case do not correspond with the account furnished by our genial American contemporary (doubtless "from information received") we think it right to inform our numerous American readers that the extract above-quoted has been perused in English musical circles with astonishment, tempered by mirth. The writer of the article in the *New York Dispatch* says to his readers, "Now let us hear how she sings!" To this we can have no objection, so long as we are not obliged to "hear how she sings."

Biorn, the opera which has been announced at the Queen's Theatre, is said to be "Macbeth in a Norwegian dress." The opera is by Lauro Rossi, the libretto by Mr. Frank Marshall, and the conductor of the orchestra is to be Signor Tito Mattei. The heroine, Elprida, will be played by Mrs. Marshall, a pupil of Rossi.

LORD WOLVERTON'S BLOODHOUNDS.

THE famous "Musicians" have attracted so much attention of late that we are glad to place sketches of them, by Mr. Moore, before our readers. They are kept at Hayes farm, situated in the centre of a splendid grass country, where the cream of the hunting world may be found. "M. & A. S." describing a run with the hounds, in the *Field*, writes as follows:—"On our way to the fixture we met an old farmer whose hat was running rapidly to seed. On seeing us he said, 'The hounds goin' to meet at Fifehead to-day?' 'No, we are going to have a day with the bloodhounds.' 'Well, to be sure, they did find out a murder a bit ago'—thinking, I presume, that his lordship intended hunting some criminal who had lately escaped justice. A hearty laugh at his expense and a short canter put a little warmth into our blood, which felt almost frozen in our veins. On reaching Hayes I noticed a few rare cross-country nags; the hounds, too, are in the best possible form, and their quality needs no praise. The deer (Miss Newman) was uncared close by, and, after the usual law, the hounds were laid on. Hark to the exquisite music which rings out clear and near as they pick up the line! 'Now, gentlemen, forward!' And away rush the excited throng of equestrians over the springy turf, as level as a billiard table, everybody doing his utmost to get a good place with the flying pack. 'But, holla!' cries a gentleman on my left, 'what's that?' The hounds spring high from the ground. The leading horseman takes fast hold of his horse's head; his heels are at work at the animal's sides. Up go man and horse in the air, and with a great bound are over. What can it be? The fence is very small; no water is visible. What are they jumping at? It is a brook, of course—the well-known brook, by the evasion of which so many lost one of the best days of the last season. I cannot say who came to grief, as I had the good fortune to get safe over myself, and the pace was too good to admit of looking back. A gate next tries the mettle of many a good hunter; but it is early in the day, and the nags are not pumped out, so we get safely over.

"Across two or three fields, and I see Lady Theodora Grosvenor down at a slippery fence under a tree; but I am glad to hear she is none the worse for her fall. The brook caused many to make a wide *détour*, so that only a select few saw much of this part of the run. Here we were impounded in some small inclosures, with unnegotiable fencing and locked gates; but we were soon liberated by the use of the hammer, which brought us 'just to windward of the law.' An unlucky turn on the part of the hind brought us back to Todber, and away at a racing pace, 'each minute sweeter than before,' to Hinton St. Mary covert and Cut Mill. Here she ran, parallel with the river, to Hewstock, where she crossed.

"And like a passing thought she fled, leaving us the fearful alternative of swimming the Stone or galloping to the bridge at Cut Mill. 'A moment's thinking is an hour in word.' All decide on the latter alternative. Now the hounds had completely slipped the field; and, though they rattle over macadam like a whirlwind, they could not be caught before reaching Baybee Bar, where they hung for an instant in the Sturminster road. When I was last with the bloodhounds I lamed my nag with a blow and a cut in the foot; and our 'vet's' words rang ominously in my ears as I was hammering macadam: 'Ride him steadily on the roads, or you may lame him for many a day;' and I succumbed to an ignominious trot. As I leave 'the cruel stones,' and again feel the springy turf beneath me, I let my nag have his head, and see the hounds with a chosen few racing across the fine pastures to the stock coverts. As a *coup d'œil* from the river the scene was extremely pretty, but I would much rather have been one of the number. Without the slightest

hesitation they raced straight through and away to Blackbrow common, and up to near the Green Man, Pulham, where we are again in the same field with them. Veering to the right, she races away to Holwell, where we, with many 'good men and true,' gave up 'the chase in despair'; for, through false information as to the whereabouts of the hind, we made a cast to the right to save our nags, which put us 'out in the cold.' I should very much like to have seen the end of this magnificent run; but Major Whyte-Melville's well-known lines well depict my dilemma:—

Long before the chase was finish'd,
Ridden fairly through;
How that gallant field diminish'd
To a chosen few.

Fain would I relate their glory,
Name each favourite mount;
But your bard who tells the story
Wasn't there to count.

I have since heard, on reliable authority, that after passing through Holwell Plantation, she crossed the Sherborne road, near Mr. Dale's house, and ran through the covert at the bottom, as if meaning the Grange Woods, but, turning to the left, she was run into in a gully beyond Glanville Wooton, where Lord Wolverton and his second whip jumped into the water up to their waists in the most plucky manner to save her, but the hounds were too powerful, and pulled her down. His lordship said, 'he thought it was the finest run he ever had, and if we could have

crossed the river with them all would have gone right.' The whole of the pack, with the exception of one puppy, was up at the finish, which proves their perfect condition and training. The same cannot be said of the field, for only eight or nine saw the end, including Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Major Whyte-Melville, who, I hope, will favour the public with one of his brilliant descriptions as an eye-witness of the whole of this glorious run."

MR. COMPTON.

MR. COMPTON, one of the finest actors of Shakspearean low-comedy parts of this and perhaps of any age, is now lying on a



AT THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

bed of sickness, and it is most unlikely that he will ever again be able to appear on the stage. Mr. Compton's Touchstone, Dogberry, and First Gravedigger were marvels of finished acting. As a gentleman and a scholar he has few equals; it is not surprising, therefore, that a number of friends have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of organising a monster benefit, to take place in London during the ensuing summer. Although Mr. Compton prospered in his profession, he had a family of nine children to bring up and educate. One may, therefore, easily understand how, after many months of illness, he has become straitened in circumstances. A few days ago Mr. Toole heard

that his brother artist was in need, and forthwith sent him a cheque for a hundred pounds to go on with until something could be done. There may be differences of opinion as to Mr. Toole's quality as an actor—none as to his qualities as a man. A contemporary speaking of Compton (how pleasantly familiar the name is!) says—"I remember one day how sadly he spoke of his son having gone upon the stage when he was doing so well in the commercial world, and how he said, perhaps thinking of his own career, 'No man, unless he has great talents, can succeed now-a-days.' There was no bitterness in his words, though he must have felt that he had those talents, and that he had never had a

fair chance. At Liverpool, I believe, he is greatly appreciated. His Mawworm always draws a crowded house. It is simply the perfection of acting. Dear old man, best type of the actor I can point out. One who has well-done his duty to God and man, and has brought up his family well and without reproach. His son, I may remark, is a very bright, clever, young fellow, who promises well. Some time since he gave a reading and dramatic sketch, to which I was invited, and I was greatly pleased. His delineations gave promise of great things. Mr. S. C. Hall was also present, and he was as pleased as I was. Young Compton is playing leading parts in the country."

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I ALWAYS enjoy the pantomime at the Grecian. Partly because I see such wonderful things done there that are nowhere else to be witnessed, but quite as much because the aspect of the audience forms so interesting and enthusiastic a contrast to that with which destiny usually confronts me. As I gazed out of my box upon the closely-packed masses of amusement-craving humanity, from gallery to pit, all eager—nay, determined—to extract the uttermost drop of enjoyment out of the entertainment provided for them, I felt constrained to ejaculate, "Happy, thrice



Encaustic found in an old house in the City Road. Subject, a Strange Worm. Evidently having reference to a Grecian Conquest.

happy, is the manager of the East, for the river of his prosperity ceaseth not to flow; his coffers are always full. Yea, the source of his wealth faileth not, but rather increaseth day by day. Selah."

Conversing upon this subject with an astute Israelite, not wholly without guile, he argued conclusively to his own satisfaction—nor could I gainsay his argument—that in the East-end alone is theatrical speculation a thoroughly reliable enterprise, certain to prove remunerative, even to the speculator with little or no capital. He enumerated sundry examples in demonstration of his assertion, most of them Moseses and Aarons, or the like, all of whom had (so help him!) begun without a halfpenny-piece, and were now



men of considerable capital. He would not deny that West-end managers occasionally, by some lucky chance, acquired large fortunes; but were they able to keep them, and continue in management? That was the question. "No," said he, "because theatrical taste is so fickle in the West, that what this year may make a manager's fortune, may the very next prove his ruin, and

for no other reason than that the public has suddenly changed its mind. In the East, provide your audiences with a succession of fairly interesting melodramas during the major portion of the year and a lively pantomime at Christmas time, and they will neither slacken in their devotion to the theatre, nor grumble at the fare that is set before them." This I think is quite true. At all events, I have observed that, while in the West-end actors have to struggle with might and main to attract and arouse the enthusiasm of their audiences, in the East that enthusiasm anticipates their efforts, and meets them half-way. With the East-enders theatrical enjoyment is a matter of grave importance. Most of them take off their coats to it, that their appreciation may be less trammelled and more vigorous.

To return to the Grecian pantomime of this year, however, it must be allowed that no playgoer capable of finding diversion in a pantomime, come he from east, west, north, or south; could fail to be infinitely entertained by *The Grim Goblin*; or, *Harlequin Octopus*, *the Devil Fish*, and *the Fairies of the Flowery Dell*. I will not go so far as to assert that the plot of the opening was quite clear to my understanding, because I am not good at following the intricacies of fairy story, but it seems to me that this libretto by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry, contains beneath all the inevitable bustle and buffoonery of pantomime a pretty and delicate idea which I think I have met with somewhere before in one of Knatchbull-Hugesson's clever fairy books. Anyhow, in the pantomime Hic-Hac-Hoc, the grim goblin, robs the Princess Pearl of her heart in the most unwarrantable way, because she abhors the very sight of him. Two handsome princes are suitors for her hand, which neither can obtain, unless he recovers the lost heart from that gruesome goblin, Hic-Hac-Hoc. The various adventures of these knight's errant in pursuit of the heart form the main business of the story. But goodness me, what a host of strange grotesque and comical personages they are mixed up with, as well as beautiful and enchanting ones I can scarcely describe to you. There is Prince Hopeful himself, who in the long run regains the heart and gains the hand of the lovely Princess Pearl, charmingly played by Miss Harriet Claremont, who, along with Prince Pert, impersonated by her equally bright and vivacious sister, Miss Lizzie Claremont, made as pretty a pair of pantomime princes as you might wish to see. Princess Pearl (Mdlle. Du Maurier) sings sweetly enough for anything, and for "Meet me once



Little Conquests and Great Triumphs.

again," obtains demonstrative encores. There is also another prince, Lardi Dardi by name, who is likewise an attractive scion of royalty. There is Jealousina, the Queen of King Boobee (of which monarch more anon). She is represented by Miss M. A. Victor, without whom no Grecian piece would be complete. There must be a Victor where there is a Conquest, you know. This useful actress plays the burlesque queen with never-failing vigour and humour, and is highly relished by the audience, with whom she has long been a prime favourite. Before proceeding to enumerate the masculine aids of the pantomime let me bestow a word of praise upon the beautiful ballet of flowers, which is much enhanced by the graceful evolutions of Miss Barry, premiere danseuse, but still more by Buttercup and Daisy, two dear little fairy flowers, represented by Miss Laura and Miss Ada Conquest, the latter of whom cannot be more than a few years old.

With regard to the low comedy parts in *Grim Goblin* it is difficult to decide which of the two principal is the more extravagantly droll, King Boobee (Mr. Herbert Campbell) or Grizzlegrief (Mr. H. Nicholls). Perhaps the former, being the most important part, may be said to elicit more continual tokens of approval from the sons of toil in pit and gallery, who have in these regions a somewhat deafening and vociferous method of applause. A topical song, which Mr. Campbell sings, with a refrain of "I wonder what next they will do," afforded them infinite satisfaction. The monarch Boobee is represented as in the dress of a Highland gillie, and various political allusions of the radical newspaper type are received with evident gusto. Grizzlegrief is the comic female in distress, without whom no pantomime would be complete. Her favourite ejaculation is, "It's enough to make anybody sick!" This catch phrase, introduced at every available opportunity, proves more entertaining to the audience than would many more witty epigrams.

The crowning performance of the Grecian pantomime is, of course, Mr. George Conquest's own representation of the Grim Goblin, Hic-Hac-Hoc. With confident patience, a Grecian audience waits for every fresh manifestation of the agility and ingenuity of their guiding star. And certainly no spectator,

however cultivated, could fail to appreciate such talent as Mr. Conquest displays in devising theatrical properties which represent with marvellous art every monster that fairy lore makes mention of. On this occasion he transforms himself into a gigantic octopus, afterwards assumes the disguise of a large monkey, and



Mr. Herbert Campbell as King Boobee

in each case achieves a resemblance to nature more perfect than one would well imagine possible upon the stage. Mr. Conquest's trap-door feats, flights through the air, and dives under the earth, fairly challenge the wonderment even of the experienced playgoer. In these latter performances, Mr. Conquest is almost equalled by his son, and to reflect upon the amount of exertion



Mr. Harry Nicholls as Queen Grizzlegrief

they both must go through of a night, in order to gratify the immense audience, makes me contented with my less ambitious lot. But all these things make a visit to the Grecian pantomime decidedly exhilarating. Transformation scenes and harlequinades are always the same to my mind, and I have nothing new to say about those at the Grecian.

STUD NEWS.

JAN. 6TH: The Stud Company's Black Rose, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol, Jan. 9th, Mr. W. S. Crawford's Miss Roland, in foal to Blair Athol. Arrived to Blue Gown, Mr. F. Andre's Bumblekite, in foal to Albert Victor.

JULY BY BIRDCATCHER.—Mr. W. B. Van Haansbergen, of Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, County Durham, has sold this celebrated old mare to Mr. Haswell Stephenson of Hart. July is the dam of Vale Royal, (which beat Achievement,) Jewel, (which has bred one of the best horses in Germany), La Giroflée, Harmonides, Harmony, (recently sold for 1,000 guineas), Joker, and Jollity (dam of Joyeuse), all these were good winners by different sires, none of which seem so suitable a cross for her as that which produced the magnificent yearling Mr. Van

Haansbergen has by Macgregor from July; if this does not prove the best she ever bred, good looks and pedigree go for nothing, for a grander-looking one or a better mover it would be difficult to find, besides he is bred the right way, being by Macgregor (winner of the two thousand guineas) whose blood combines that of Sweetmeat, Venison, Touchstone, and Emilius, whilst July has Birdcatcher, and Venison on her side. Sweetmeat always suits with Birdcatcher mares and the double cross of Partisan through his best son Venison is capital. Although a late foal July's colt is already by far the largest of Mr. Van Haansbergen's lot of yearlings, and there are many very fine young Macgregors amongst them from such mares as Maggie (Activity's dam), Vishnu (Mandarin's dam &c.), and others. July is now 22 years old, and in foal to Idus, winner of the Newmarket Handicap, &c., and best 4 year old performer of his year, this cross should also suit for wild Dayrell horses with Birdcatcher mares (as in Kisber,

winner of the Derby) and others. Mr. Van Haansbergen has also sold 10 of his brood mares, and all the remainder are for sale, only one of them is barren, which is a most unusually good average out of 3 dozen.

THE skating-rink mania appears to be as strong as ever in Paris. There is hardly a district that does not possess one, and as if there were not enough already, another was opened on the 6th inst. It is called the Rink of the Chaussée-d'Antin, but it is really situated between the Rues de Clichy and Blanche. It is the most spacious and elegant rink yet constructed in the French capital. There are open boxes all round for the spectators, a staff of professors for beginners, and a good band of music for everybody. The *salle* occupies a space of about 1600 square yards, and is lit up by rows of chandeliers containing 2000 jets of gas.

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THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AND PARK, a highly important and valuable estate, comprising altogether about 500 acres (being all freehold with the exception of about 28 acres, which are leasehold for a long term), occupying a very imposing position on the magnificent site known as Muswell Hill, with the advantage of a railway station on the property and two or three other stations in close proximity. The elegant building, known as the Palace, occupies an area of about seven acres, is erected in a most substantial manner, and contains the Grand Hall, capable of seating 12,000 visitors and an orchestra of 2,000. The Italian Garden, a spacious court, in which are Asphalte paths, Flower beds, and a fine fountain. The Concert-room, which has been constructed on the best known acoustic principles, will seat 3,500 visitors. The Conservatory is surmounted by a glass dome, and in close proximity are two spacious halls for the exhibition of works of art; also the corridor for displaying ornamental works. The Reading-Room is a very comfortable apartment, and near thereto are the modern Moorish house and an Egyptian villa. The Theatre is of a most perfect kind, and will accommodate more than 3,000 persons. The Exhibition department is divided into two parts, the space occupied being 204ft. by 106ft. The Bazaar department is 213ft. by 140ft. The frontage of the stalls is upwards of 3,000ft., and they are so arranged as to give the greatest facility of access to visitors and purchasers. The Picture Galleries are on the northern side of the building and comprise six fine, large, well-lighted rooms. The Refreshment department, which has yielded a very large income to the Company, is of the most complete and extensive character, including spacious grill and coffee rooms, two banqueting rooms, drawing, billiard, and smoke rooms, and private rooms for large or small parties, and the grand dining saloon, which will accommodate 1,000 persons at table. For the efficient supply of this vast establishment, the plan of the basement is believed to be the most perfect as well as the most extensive of its kind ever yet seen. Also within the building are numerous private offices for manager and clerks, and a spacious board room. The Park is richly timbered and of a pleasingly undulating surface, intersected by broad carriage drives, and there are several ornamental lakes of great beauty in connection with surrounding scenery; a number of Swiss chalets and other rustic buildings, also horticultural gardens, with extensive ranges of glass houses. The Race-course, upwards of a mile in length, has been levelled and prepared at great expense, and the grand stand is one of the handsomest and most substantial buildings of its kind in this country. There is a trotting ring on the American principle, and, in connection therewith, an extensive range of stabling for several hundred horses (rendering the property well adapted for horse and agricultural shows), and a grand stand and paddock. The cricket ground is 10 acres in extent, with two pavilions and every convenience for cricketers. There is also a Japanese village. The Grove, bordering on the road to Highgate, contains what is called Dr. Johnson's Walk. Its trees are among the oldest and finest in the county of Middlesex, and it is considered to be one of the loveliest spots in any of the home counties. There is a Circus for equestrian performances, which will accommodate 3,000 spectators; a Banqueting-hall, an open-air Swimming-bath, and other attractions. Also a spacious Family Residence, called Tottenham Wood House, with stabling, pleasure-grounds, and shrubberies. This important estate, which has cost the present proprietors upwards of a million of money, presents an opportunity rarely offered to the public for an extensive investment of capital with a fair prospect of highly satisfactory results; for, in addition to its many attractions as a place of entertainment, a portion of the land (about 250 acres), having extensive frontages to capital roads, might be immediately appropriated for the erection of numerous residences, which would yield a large revenue, either in yearly rentals or well secured ground-rents.

MESSERS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. are instructed by the Mortgagees, with the sanction of the Court, to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the MART, London, on THURSDAY the 8th February next.—Particulars, with plans and elevations, may be had in due course at the principal hotels at Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, and Co., Solicitors, 6, Old Jewry, E.C.; Messrs. Markby, Tarry, and Stewart, Solicitors, 57, Coleman-street, E.C.; Messrs. Dawes and Sons, Solicitors, 9, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, E.C.; R. Fletcher, Esq., Official Liquidator, 3, Lothbury, E.C.; at the Mart; and (with cards to view) of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, Royal Exchange, London, E.C.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

CHINNOCK, GALSORTHY and CHINNOCK will, by the direction of the Earl of Dudley, SELL by AUCTION, on THURSDAY, 1st FEBRUARY, at 2 o'clock precisely, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, the LEASE, with possession, of the OPERA HOUSE. The building, which is practically fire-proof, as now arranged is pronounced to be perfect; the situation alone is sufficient to recommend it above all others, and its construction is complete. The capacity of the theatre, which is a horse-shoe curve in shape, is calculated to afford accommodation for about 1,800 persons for operatic to 2,500 for dramatic performances. The stage is 51 feet deep by 95 feet wide and 12 feet below is a most conveniently arranged mezzanine floor. The appliances for scenery are novel and judicious, working on rollers and stretchers, giving all the effect with great facility of change. The boxes are approached by a grand double staircase 6ft. wide, through a handsome saloon or crush room 58ft. by 20ft., with other saloons for refreshments to the upper tiers. Her Majesty's box has a public State and a private entrance, with suitable ante-rooms. The property is held on lease for the residue of a term, of which 15 years were unexpired at Michaelmas, 1876.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, which will be ready early in January, apply to Messrs. Benbow and Saltwell, Solicitors, No. 1, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.; Messrs. Lee and Pain, No. 8, Adelphi-terrace, W.C.; the Auction Mart, City; and Messrs. ChinnoCK and Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, 11, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

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WILL TAKE PLACE AT

SANDOWN PARK, MARCH 9TH AND 10TH, 1877.

Under the Grand National Rules.

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Col. Conyers Tower, C.B., Cavalry Depot.
Col. Ha'e, 7th Hussars.
Lieut.-Col. Byrne, Royal Artillery.
Lieut.-Col. Tyacke, 22nd Regiment.
Lord Carington, Royal Horse Guards.
Col. Nugent, Royal Scots Greys.
Col. Waller, Royal Fusiliers.
Lieut.-Col. Harford, Scots Fusilier Guards.
Major H. NIXON, Hon. Sec. and Starter.
Mr. J. PRATT, Clerk of the Course and Judge.

FIRST DAY.

THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 11 ft., with 150 sovs. added (100 sovs from the fund and 50 sovs from Sandown Park Club), for horses bona-fide and unconditionally the property of Officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy, 1st 7lb. each; a winner of a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' race on the 1st, in any country, of the value of 50 sovs to carry 5lb. of twice 50 sovs or 100 sovs, 10lb. twice of 100 sovs or once of 200 sovs, 14lb. twice of 200 sovs or once of 300 sovs, 21lb. and of any race above 300 sovs value, 28lb. extra; to be ridden by Officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy; the second horse to receive 20 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; about three miles.

THE VETERAN STAKES, a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added by the Sandown Park Club, and a purse of 100 sovs by Officers who have retired, for horses bona-fide the property of Gentlemen who have retired from the Army and Navy, that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race, up to the time of starting; and that have been regularly and fairly hunted by their owners up to the day of entry with an established pack of foxhounds or stag-boys; four-year-olds, 10st 3lb; five, 11st 8lb; six and aged, 12st 3lb; to be ridden by Officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy, or by Gentlemen who have retired from either service; Grand Military Steeplechase Course; about three miles.

THE GRAND MILITARY HUNTERS' STAKES, of 5 sovs each, 2 ft., to go the second, for hunters qualified as for the Grand Military Hunt Cup, and that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race, value 50 sovs, up to the time of starting, with 50 sovs added from the fund, and 50 sovs from Sandown Park Club; four-year-olds, 11st; five, 12st; six and aged, 13st 4lb; riders as for the Gold Cup; two miles, on the flat.

SECOND DAY.

THE GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP, value 50 guineas, 2 sovs entrance, to go to the second, for bona-fide hunters, unconditionally the property of, and to be ridden by officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy, and that have been regularly and fairly hunted up to the day of entry by their owners with any established pack of foxhounds or stag-boys, and that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race, value 20 sovs (regimental races excepted), up to the time of starting; five-year-olds, 12st; six and aged, 13st 7lb; Grand Military Steeplechase Course (about three miles).

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT GRAND MILITARY SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs each, 11 ft., with 150 sovs added (100 sovs from the fund, and 50 sovs from the Sandown Park Club for horses bona-fide and unconditionally the property of officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy, which have never won a handicap steeplechase or hurdle-race value 100 sovs; 1st each; any winner up to time of starting to carry 7lb extra; of 100 sovs 14lb extra; if above that value 21lb extra; the second horse to save his stake; riders and course as for the Grand Military Gold Cup.

THE GRAND MILITARY HURDLE RACE, of 5 sovs each for starters, 2 sovs ft. to go to the second horse; with 100 sovs added from the fund, and 50 sovs from Sandown Park; for horses bona-fide and unconditionally the property of officers on full or half-pay of the Army or Navy; four-year-olds, 10st 3lb; five, 11st 8lb; six and aged, 12st 3lb; penalties and riders as in Grand Military Gold Cup; one mile and three-quarters, over seven flights of hurdles.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

Three horses, the property of different owners, to start for each race, or no cup or added money will be given.

There are no penalties for regimental races of any kind.

Colours must be sent with entry. No entry will be received from any officer whose regiment, or the regiment to which his depot is attached, has not subscribed at least 10 sovs to the race fund, and each entry is to be accompanied by a letter from the nominator of the horse, stating that it is, upon his honour, bona-fide and unconditionally his own property. Officers on half-pay, or whose regiments are abroad, to subscribe 2 sovs to the fund.

Entries to be made to Messrs. PRATT and BARBROOK only, on or before Feb. 20th, addressed to them, 28, Conduit-street, London, W.

The Stewards request that the subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary as early as possible, so that the amount added to each race may be advertised.

FINDLATER'S WHISKIES.

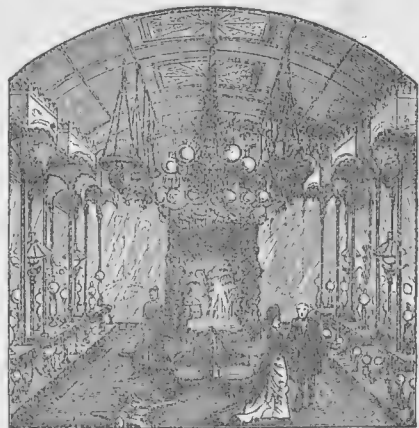
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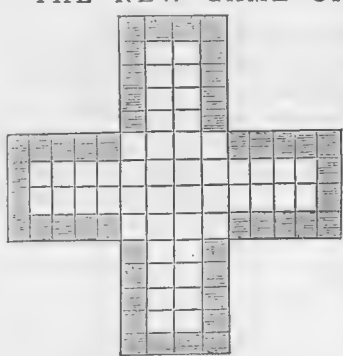
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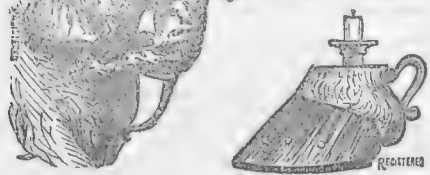
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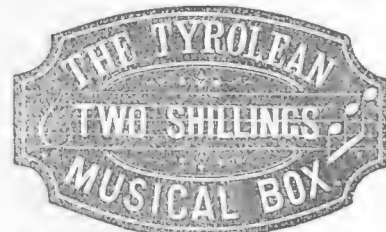
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

GEORGE F.—"Battle Royal" is a term belonging to cock-fighting. It meant a battle in which any number of cocks took part, although the usual number was not more than eight. The cocks were most inhumanly pitted at the same moment, and the victor was the bird which killed all the other combatants. Even when cock-fighting was a popular sport, this species of cruelty was not encouraged, except by the lower orders, and in remote, out-of-the-way corners of the kingdom.

BAY.—George the Fourth commenced his career as a master of hounds when he resided at Critchill, in Dorsetshire, in 1793. He, at that time, had a pack of small foxhounds. He subsequently had a stag-hunting establishment at Kempshot Park, Hants.

HENRY HALE.—You are poaching on another man's land.

A. V. K.—Coursing sketch unsuitable.

D. B.—There are many instances of dogs and foxes breeding, and producing fertile offspring. The puppies closely resemble foxes.

A. TEMPLAR.—Came to hand just as we were going to press, and was too late.

DRAMATIC.

A. Z.—Booth-street, Westminster, was named after Barton Booth, a famous actor of the last century. He died in London, in 1733. George Booth, also an actor, was his brother. Thanks for the American paper. The Booth referred to therein was Lucius Junius Brutus Booth, who died on November 26, 1852. He commenced his career as an actor in this country, was very eccentric, and went to America, where he became popular, was occasionally confined as a lunatic, but died in comfortable circumstances. He made his debut as Richard III., at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1817. Jealousy of Kean is said to have been his reason for emigrating to America.

E. B.—In 1789, Drury Lane Theatre being about to be rebuilt, the company playing there opened at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, which being in the same year destroyed by fire, the company removed to the Pantheon Theatre, in Oxford-street. These were doubtless the three removals referred to.

FLAVIA.—We do not know in what year Edmund Kean visited Guernsey; but he certainly acted there, and became involved in some very serious difficulties, from which he was relieved by the generosity of the governor, General Doyle. When he left Guernsey, he went to an engagement at Taunton, and from there to Dorchester, where he was seen by Mr. Arnold, who went there on the recommendation of Dr. Grenfell, to whom Dr. Drury had spoken of Kean as a man of extraordinary ability.

T. FOSTER.—Mr. Charles Kemble revived Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* in 1812, at Covent Garden Theatre.

W. W. C.—Luceja was an ancient Roman actress, who acted when very young, and continued on the stage, we are told, until she attained her 124th year.

L. P. A. C.—Yates made Grace Darling an offer to induce her to exhibit herself at his theatre, in a part to be written expressly for her; but Grace gracefully declined the honour.

JAMES HARRY.—Our pantomime has been traced back to a Grecian origin, but in the progress of centuries it has become strangely changed, and now is very unlike the old Grecian pantomime. Its parentage is more clearly traceable to Italy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"ALTO DOURO."—Mr. J. R. Planché was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries on January 14, 1830.

M. B. S.—The Oriflamme was originally terrible as a standard, indicating that no quarter would be given. It was made of red silk, adorned and beaten with broad golden lilies and bordered with gold and vermilion, and was anciently regarded as a sacred banner sent direct from heaven to be advanced against infidels.

L. D. B.—The Duke of Beaufort's Musketeers, raised in the summer of 1685, on the breaking out of the rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, were ten companies strong, and afterwards became the Eleventh Regiment of Foot.

ARTHUR DEBENHAM.—*Pys-godfa*—the Fishery—was the ancient name of Tenby.

F. ARCHER.—Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, in 1707, and was educated at home by the Rev. Mr. Oliver, whom he afterwards ridiculed as Parson Trulliber in "Joseph Andrews." His father was a soldier, who had seen service under Marlborough, in Flanders. He made his first literary successes as a dramatist.

G. G. N.—Scoggan was Queen Elizabeth's favourite jester. There is a story told of him that having borrowed £500 of the Queen, which he was unable to repay, he grew frightened, pretended to be dead, and had all his friends invited to his funeral. The coffin was borne out, according to a previous arrangement, just as Queen Bess was passing the house. "Who is dead?" asked she. "Madam," replied one of the mourners, "it is your devoted servant, Scoggan." "Poor fellow!" said the Queen, with feeling, adding immediately after, "he owed me £500, but I forgive him the debt with all my heart." Upon which Scoggan leaped from his coffin, and kneeling at her feet, poured forth his grateful thanks for a deed that had restored him to life and comfort.

G. A. GREEN.—A view of Rome, filling two large sheets, by Antonio Barberi, was published in 1697, of which the title was "Nuova pianta della Città di Roma coll'indicade Templi, e Palazzi e delle altre Fabbriche devisa ne suoi 14." Roma intagliata da Antonio Barberi.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

THE remarks which have from time to time appeared in *Baily's Magazine* from the curt Tacitean pen of "R. G." have such a thorough ring of downright sincerity and honesty of purpose about them that we may be excused for adopting his latest effusion as a text for our weekly discourse. The identity of the writer of these pungent diatribes against the present system of breeding is sufficiently well known to most of us, and we hardly know whether to be most pleased with the style or substance of his contributions to the evergreen pages of our leading sporting magazine. He is thoroughly master of his subject, and hits straight from the shoulder at all mistakes and shortcomings, whether inherited or adopted by modern breeders of hunters, hacks, and roadsters. We need fear no "cuckoo-cry" from his lips, and his solemn warnings should not be lost upon us, even though we stop our ears, like deaf adders, and decline to be charmed into the right way of fulfilling what may be called an important national function. We may premise, too, that we thoroughly and entirely agree with his remarks concerning thoroughbreds, and the sacrifices we are content to make of squareness and solidity in order to obtain additional height, which, as "R. G." very pertinently remarks, has to be secured by undue length of shank, which may enable its possessor to cover more ground in his stride, and so, theoretically at least, to get more quickly over the ground. We have but few instances of these gigantic steeds having developed into successful stallions; for, even Wild Dayrell, the best "big 'un" of latter years, begat nothing remarkable in his day and generation, and we shall watch the careers of Prince Charlie and Lowlander with additional interest, for both, though more truly-shaped horses than Wild Dayrell, and by no means of the "spindle shank" order, are in danger of begetting overgrown and unwieldy stock, which returns no profit to owner or trainer, and is too often finally drafted as useless for racing, and, it may be added, for any other purpose. In stigmatising too many of the stallions which walk the country as "unsound, with flashy pedigrees," "R. G." is quite at one with us, and we do not doubt the correctness of his information, that "there has been no improvement in that respect during the last season, but rather the reverse." We have alluded to this subject frequently before, both in these columns and elsewhere, and it was only last week that we had occasion to touch upon the subject in connection with the doings of the Cleveland Agricultural Society. This falling off in qualities of country sires admits of some degree of remedy, as we have attempted to show; but a far more serious question arises with reference to the scarcity of good mares, and the reasons for its prevalence. We have, it appears, long been overrun with agents from the Continent, with orders from the "intelligent foreigner" to pick up anything worth transferring to their own countries, it may be said, regardless of expense, for as "R. G." says, speaking of brood mares, "if they (the agents) chance to meet with a really nice one, they will not be deterred by price." In the absence of any protective measure, we fail to see how this constant drain can be stopped, and it obviously amounts to this, that public spirit in France, Prussia, and other countries, takes the wind out of the sails of private enterprise, on which we in England depend entirely for our supply. This in a sense opens up the important question of Governmental interference with the export of horses, a chance which seems to be hopelessly remote, to judge by the temper of Parliament and the indifference of the people; and inasmuch as every proposition in that direction has met with the coldest of receptions, we must of necessity revert, by way of a partial remedy, to the plan sketched out a year or two ago by certain noblemen and gentlemen interested in the question. But it must be remembered that their scheme only had reference to bettering the class and quality of our sires, and its projectors could not be expected to extend their proposed field of operations, already sufficiently large, so as to control owners of brood mares, at whose elbows the ever-ready agent was standing with a well-filled purse, inviting him to accept and not to withhold his hand.

Figures, like facts, are stubborn things, and "R. G." has supplied us with tables in support of his arguments, a perusal of which is fraught with the melancholy interest which must always attach to documents calculated to lower our national pride. The returns of 1875 are most alarming, for to balance the export of 3,135 horses in that

year, they record our imports as 25,757, or about eight times as many as left our shores. Nor is this all, but the strangers which are living within our gates are by no means calculated to supply the demand for high class horses, which causes such animals to continue at starvation prices, and practically inaccessible to all but the wealthiest among us. This is no mere fanciful assertion, but a painful truth, which has long since been brought home to those whose amusement or business has been in the hunting field or on the road. Nor as we descend in the scale, is it proved that foreign productions are capable of supplying the requirements of England in respect of ordinary draught horses, which show a lamentable falling off in quality, and consequently have to be supplied in greater numbers, the material wearing out more quickly and needing constant renewal. We can fully endorse the remarks of "R. G." with regard to the helpless creatures which at first sight appear so admirably adapted for harness purposes, but which in reality are better in show than in use. We commend this portion of his article to the study of merely superficial observers, who think that because an omnibus "slave" is fat and well liking, therefore he is capable of sustaining the wear and tear consequent upon the performance of his set journeys day by day. Of cab horses we have no right, perhaps, to expect much, considering the refuse which is picked up to whisk about or plod along in hansom or growler, but even these reflect the tone of their betters, and have degenerated into more weedy screws and thoroughgoing cripples than before. What better material could be expected as the produce of unsound sires and mares of inferior quality—the *canaille* of horseflesh, which has been rejected by commissioners from continental powers, but considered good enough for home purposes? Meanwhile the drain upon our diminished resources is as steady as ever, and the "nimble ninepence" still finds favour in the eyes of owners, who really deem their supplies inexhaustible, and fondly imagine that horses are to be bred at will, and on the same prolific scale as rabbits, without regard to the laws of reproduction, which experience has shown to be founded on principles almost as fixed and certain as the motions of the planets, or the return of the seasons. We must leave the remedy for this deplorable state of affairs to be worked out by abler hands and cleverer heads than our own; but in any case the reforming process is bound to be a protracted one, and it will be useless to look for its fruits until many years have passed over our heads. Prohibition and protection are words easily spoken and lightly considered, but their enforcement is quite another matter, and contrary, in these days of free trade in everything, to the tastes, the feelings, and the traditions of our countrymen. The warnings of "R. G." are promulgated in a tone so thoroughly earnest, and so utterly devoid of the flippancy and ignorance which characterise the utterances of too many reformers, that we feel sure any scheme which he may have conceived and matured for the amelioration of our present condition, would be received with all attention and respect by the large body of Englishmen anxious to tread the right paths, but unknowing how to guide their steps aright. Meanwhile golden opportunities are slipping away year by year, and the best intentions are baulked for want of some master mind to take up an idea, and so to mould and fashion it, as to render its issue beneficial to the good cause. We may have a thousand suggested remedies, each containing some thoroughly practical points, but it requires knowledge and experience to reduce all these to a system, and finally to weld the precious ore extracted from each into one harmonious whole. He who best performs this arduous task will deserve the best thanks of his countrymen for having redeemed their reproach as degenerates, and for having vindicated their right to be called, as of old, the first horsebreeding nation in the world.

THE GUN CLUB.—Despite the unfavourable weather about a dozen members put in an appearance at the Club Grounds on Saturday afternoon, and nine contended for a silver cup, value £15, at seven birds each, 28 yards rise, to which was added an optional sweepstakes. Some good shooting took place, although a very high wind prevailed, and on the conclusion of the seventh round Mr. Charlton Adams was declared the winner of the cup and £22, being the only competitor that killed all his pigeons. Mr. Denne, Mr. Sydney, and Mr. Seaton, scored five each; Mr. H. S. Jaffray and Lord Westbury four each; Mr. Carrington and Captain Aubrey Patton three each, and Mr. Booth one. The same gentleman next shot off an optional sweepstakes at 28 yards, five birds each, when Mr. Denne, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Seaton and Mr. Charlton Adams tied by killing four each out of five, and on shooting off, a capitally contested match resulted in the victory of Mr. Denne, who won £17 by grassing 12 out of 13; Mr. Seaton scoring 11 out of a similar number. Two minor sweepstakes were secured by Mr. Booth defeating seven opponents in the first, and six in the second. A couple of matches were also decided, the first for £10 a side, between Mr. Sydney and Lord Westbury, being won by the latter killing four out of six. The second was between Mr. Carrington and Mr. Denne, the conditions being to shoot at ten birds each, 30 yards, for £25 a side, the first-named winning by grassing eight out of nine.

THERE is to be a two days' meeting at Cheltenham on the 1st and 2nd of February, open to clubs recognised by the Hurlingham and the International Gun and Polo Clubs, and to gentlemen who produce their full game certificates for last year, provided they be introduced by a member of the International Club, under whose rules and auspices the meeting will take place. The club offer silver cups and other prizes for competition.

It has been arranged that the fancy dress Polo and Hunt Ball for the Western and Midland Counties shall take place at Cheltenham on the 31st inst., under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, of several masters of hounds, and the leading county families of the district, including Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge.

On Saturday, while hunting with the Surrey Stag hounds, Mr. Field, son of the well-known veterinary surgeon, was killed; his horse, in jumping a stile, threw him and fell heavily upon him, and before medical assistance could be obtained he had ceased to breathe.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv't.]

THE DIVORCE COURT.

A WESTMINSTER HALL CANTATA.

O'er Rufus' Hall* November fogs are flitting,
While lawyers, idlers, ladies (?) take their course
To where pale Justice pensively is sitting
To try the last sensational Divorce.

First pleadings, openings, speechifyings task us
With legal views of violated vows,
'Till the Petitioner appears to ask us,
"Pity the sorrows of a poor old spouse."

THE PETITIONER'S SONG.

When I'd turned sixty-two I grew fond
Of a flower of feminine earth,
And got joined in the conjugal bond
To beauty, bad temper and birth.

I was soon made to dawdle in shops,
To list to the smallest of talk,
To change gin-and-water for slops,
And to turn out my toes in my walk.

I'd to fret away most of my time
In her drawing-room abjectly sitting,
A-holding the skeins that she'd twine,
Or watching her while she was knitting.

My pipes, none for cheapness could match 'em,
As I knew not how long I might smoke 'em,
For out of my mouth she would snatch 'em,
When she got in a passion—and broke 'em.

I'd to be at her beck and her call—
Be she cross, or good tempered, or cruel—
My profession soon went to the wall,
And my brains turned to very weak gruel.

I'd to make bosom friends of each lover,
As this one succeeded to that,
Offer always at table a cover,
And always a peg for his hat.

Club dinners for me she declined,
To my bachelor friends she grew cool,
'Till I woke up one morning to find
That the world wrote me down a dashed fool.

Then I swore, and swore with force,
That I would have a Divorce.

Hark! silken rustlings all the audience thrill,
And perfumes rare the crowded chamber fill,
And bright eyes gleam, and gleaming, strike and kill,
From the witness box.

For a form appears, surpassing fair,
All pearl-powder, rouge, and rubicund hair,
And the sweet Respondent standeth there—
In the witness box!

THE RESPONDENT'S SONG.

Before you decide on his tale,
I'll trouble you, Judge, to hear me;
All he can assert is that I am a flirt,
And there's no harm in that you'll agree;
For what is more harmless than ogling and sighing,
When all know that it's only pretence,
To set a score lovers a-whining and dying,
And ruining by your expense?

For if ever there was a sad flirt,
I flatter myself I am she;
From Smith's Amaryllis
To Robinson's Phillis
They can't hold a candle to me.

At twelve I could wink, and sigh "Ah!"
Roll my eyes, pull my waist in so taper,
And a long correspondence, unknown to mamma,
I kept up with a young linen-draper.
When sent to a boarding-school crack,
For flirting I soon showed my taste,
And I got the French master and page-boy the sack,
Who were caught with their arms round my waist.

For if ever, &c.

At twenty I'd lovers a score,
And jilted them like an adept;
With anger they burned, and my presents returned,
But of course all their presents I kept.

I was partial to jewels and gold,
And continued this pastime sublime,
'Till I married a party both wealthy and old,
And folks said not before it was time.

For if ever, &c.

Then from a crowd of swells, serenely cool,
Sublimely fair and "dissolutely pale,"
A lisping hero, fresh adorned from Poole,
Relates the Co-respondent's artless tale.

THE CO-RESPONDENT'S SONG.

Know ye the fault that I hate like old Harry,
Which caused this sad breach 'twixt my old friend and me?
'Tis the fault of the man who's the folly to marry,
And for his wife's foibles has no sympathies.

If a hairpin was lost, or her gloves split out walking,
Or the rain caught her bonnet, poor victimized dear,
Tho' to him of such troubles for hours she'd been talking,
This ill-mannered husband would not shed a tear.

'Tis true all he had he had settled upon her;
'Tis true for large premiums his life he'd insured;
But he'd old-fashioned notions of virtue and honour,
And of obsolete prejudice couldn't be cured.

She flirted, 'tis true, but she flirted with all men,
Sure such was too open a husband to rile;
With fair men and dark men, and short men and tall men,
If prudes might condemn sure a husband might smile.

Yet of me, his old friend, who would call him "old fellow,"
He falsely grew jealous, this ill-mannered lout,
(Tho' I'd borrowed his coin, on his claret grown mellow,)
'Cause I'd call on his wife when perchance he was out.

In dulcet tones and low, but far from gay,
The Judge lays down the moral of the play.

THE JUDGE'S SONG.

When young at the bar they first taught me to plead,
And Blackstone, and Chitty, and Bullen to read,

* Westminster Hall is said to have been commenced in the reign of William Rufus. "Rufus" roaring Hall.—POPE.
+ "Femininely fair and dissolutely pale."—TENNYSON.

Into Broom's Legal Maxims I sometimes would peep,
And many I found most conducive to—sleep;
And I know but one maxim to banish all sorrow—
The spouse of to-day may be spouse-less tomorrow.

"Gay" chorus of intending Petitioners.

Then think of this maxim and banish all sorrow,
The spouse of to-day may be spouse-less tomorrow.*

WIGGLESWORTH DALLISON.

CHESS CIRCLES.

It has often been discussed whether mathematics has anything to do with chess or not. The question as thus put is rather indefinite, but if it is meant—is mathematical knowledge or ability a requisite condition of proficiency in chess?—we unhesitatingly answer, No. Many mathematicians have applied themselves to chess and yet have not reached the first rank, whilst on the other hand most of the acknowledged experts of the royal game know little or nothing of mathematics, and some of them have even evinced an extraordinary incapacity for its comprehension. But though we are unable to allow that the chess faculty is identical with or even kindred to the mathematical, yet for the consolation of the votaries of chess we will allow that the two faculties are so far related to one another as to be exercised to a certain extent upon the same objects. Chess, like mathematics, has its squares, cissoids, axioms, and circles. As regards the squares it is unnecessary to say more than that a sixty-fifth square, commonly called Leicester, has been recently added to what the late Artemus Ward would have termed the Chess Bored. The cissoids or curves, like the ivy from which the name is derived, are creeping things that flourish on the fair oak of chess, and the axioms are, of course, the indemonstrable truths of any given chess player's superiority to all the others. These definitions, to express it mathematically, are familiar even to tyros, but the circles call for a more extended description, and the mysteries of these we purpose to explore from time to time in this column.

Our chess circles, unlike the mathematical, must, for our present purpose at all events, have a beginning somewhere, and we purpose devoting our opening chapter to the largest of them at Simpson's Divan. We shall begin with Simpson's Divan, because we consider it, of all chess clubs, or saloons, first on the roll of fame, and therefore the most noteworthy. That this is no lightly-expressed opinion, springing from prejudice and based upon assumption will, we think, be acknowledged by all who remember that during the last half century the Divan has been more largely attended than any other place, by celebrities from all parts of the world, and that it has produced or ripened into maturity nearly all the best English players who have flourished during that period. There, about forty years ago, Labourdonnais was first introduced to London by Mr. S. Ries, the originator and for a long time the proprietor of the Divan; and from that day down to the present every foreign potentate visiting or resident in this country, set up his headquarters on that classic ground, and there achieved his most brilliant victories. In no other place have greater battles been fought or more splendid trophies won. Moreover, from no other chess society have emerged so many native champions. There about thirty years ago the late Howard Staunton swayed the chess sceptre of the world, dictated the law to his admirers, and dispensed the amplest justice to his vanquished opponents. To him succeeded Buckle, who conquered Anderssen and Lowenthal, and who, had health and other circumstances permitted him to enter the lists, might have wrested the palmship from the ever-victorious Morphy. There was established a republic, whereof the leading members were Bird, Boden, Barnes, Rickards, Burden, Owen, and Wormald; of whom Bird was the most brilliant, and Boden the most potent. Indeed, nothing but a happy ambition to excel in matters more important than a mere game, has prevented Boden from vindicating the equality if not the superiority of the English to any of the foreign players. Then came the era when De Vere, Wisker, and Macdonnell worthily upheld the honour of the Divan, and carried off the chief prizes in the various national tournaments.

At the present time the Divan presents as many attractions as ever to all who take pleasure in meeting the best chess players. There Zukertort rattles off many a lively skirmish, and astonishes his listeners with the story of his victories. There the sturdy Bohemian, as he likes to be called, oft paces slowly up and down the room, touching all circles, and penetrating none like the Tangent of mathematics, whispering to his friends and scowling at those he conceives to be enemies. There Boden and Macdonnell, satiated with their conquests, have lately taken to fighting with themselves, to the unbounded delight of many spectators, and to the great advantage of the best chess columns. Nor are there wanting to the room players of various, indeed, we might say, of all degrees of strength. One little group, so to speak, about twelve in number, we cannot forbear from specially noticing. They generally occupy the upper part of the room, near the fireplace. They are all gentlemen and pleasant fellows. They never play outside their circle. They contend for no pecuniary stake. They sigh for no superiority. They parade no book-knowledge. Their only ambition is to make pretty moves, and catch their opponents in a trap. They sometimes solve problems and watch match-games. They always smoke excellent cigars, and never imbibe anything stronger than coffee. They delight in making good jokes and telling funny stories. They never bemoan their defeats or exult over their victories. May they never grow less in number or lose one jot of their high spirits.

One fault we must find with the Divan. It is neither as spacious nor as comfortable as befits the number and dignity of its frequenters. Our old friend, "L," lately deploring the loss of the magnificent apartment (now the ladies' dining room) once devoted to chess, observed to us in plaintive tones, "Yes, my dear sir, in those days we formed a great institution, and enjoyed every possible comfort. Then, sir, noblemen came to the room; but now, only mere gentlemen, and, indeed, some of them are not even"—(here we raised our hand, and deprecated our friend's completion of the sentence)—and then added, "Noblemen! you refer, of course, to Lord Lyttleton!" and here "L" stopped us. "No, my dear sir, I refer to California, Lord California, he was a nobleman; he, sir, used to play regularly with me for a sovereign a game, and always paid when he lost; but now they never play for more than a shilling a game, and much oftener for nothing at all." Here "L" looked at his gold watch, flashed his diamond ring before our eyes and, muttering something about dinner, vanished from our sight. Thereupon, we suddenly remembered a story we had heard long ago, in which our friend's pseudo-lord bore no unimportant part, and we intend to relate it next week.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED have retired from the entertainment with which they were for so long associated. The management is now in the hands of Mr. Alfred Reed, and Mr. Corney Grain.

* "Then think of this maxim and banish all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy tomorrow."
GAY'S Beggar's Opera.

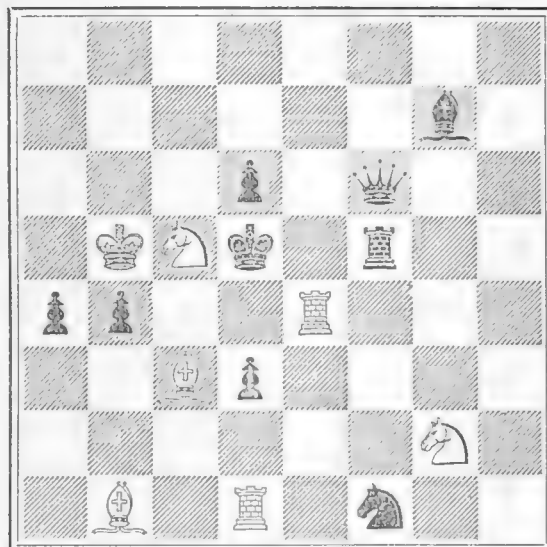
RECEPTION OF BARRY SULLIVAN IN BELFAST.

OUR old friend and favourite, Barry Sullivan, duly arrived in Belfast by the Larne and Stranraer route, at the York Road Terminus, shortly before two o'clock. The unfortunate circumstances connected with the postponement of his Christmas engagement, the report of his timely recovery, the fact that another eminent actor in the same walk has recently visited Belfast, and a host of other considerations, lent to his expected arrival a degree of interest that hitherto has not been experienced on his coming to Belfast. When the unpleasant scene was being enacted at Drury Lane, in which Richmond unconsciously fleshed his sword in Richard, we question if Mr. Sullivan considered for a moment that good in some respects might come of it. We congratulate him on his recovery, and may now look upon the mishap as an incident which served only to call forth in Belfast kindly expression of sympathy and regard in his favour. Mr. Sullivan has long since been established as a favourite amongst us. No one could have doubted it, but now we are shown that his is not the fleeting reputation of an actor, but the firmly fixed esteem of one whose name and laurels will live after him. The station was thronged, long before the hour of arrival, by an immense crowd of persons of all grades; actors and actors' friends, patrons and enthusiasts, the frequenters of the pit and the gods of the gallery were all there, and waiting patiently, and at twenty minutes to two o'clock the bell announced the arrival of the train. It is remarkable the inclination of crowds for taking things for granted. The engine was scarcely in sight when an anticipatory cheer was raised, which was responded to in a few minutes by Mr. Warden, who accompanied the train from Larne, popping his head out of a first-class carriage. Mr. Sullivan shortly afterwards disclosed himself, and cheer after cheer greeted him. He looked hale and hearty, and seemed well pleased with the reception which was given him. With difficulty he passed to a carriage and pair in waiting for him, and the hasty application of a whip frustrated a movement that was, we believe, on foot of taking the horses from the vehicle. The carriage drove rapidly through the cheering crowd, Mr. Sullivan bowing repeatedly in response. On arrival at the Imperial Hotel a crowd also assembled and warmly greeted him.—*Ulster Examiner*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 127.
By E. L. BAILEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

AN amusing *partie* played recently at the St. George's Chess Club, between two of the best players of the day.

[MUZIO GAMBIT.]

| WHITE (Mr. MacD.) | BLACK (Dr. E.) | WHITE (Mr. MacD.) | BLACK (Dr. E.) |
|-------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15. Q takes K R P | Castles |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P takes P | 16. P to Q B 4 | Q to K Kt 4 |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to K Kt 4 | 17. Q R to K sq | Q to Q 7 |
| 4. B to Q B 4 | P to K 5 | 18. Q to K B 6 | R to K sq |
| 5. P to Q 4 | P takes Kt | 19. Q to K 4 | Kt to Q B 2 (c) |
| 6. Q takes P | P to Q 4 | 20. R to Q sq | Q to Q Kt 5 |
| 7. B takes Q P | Kt to K B 3 (a) | 21. P to Q R 3 | Q takes Q B P |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3 | Kt takes B | 22. R to Q B sq | Q to K Kt 4 |
| 9. Kt takes Kt | B to K 3 | 23. B to K 5 (d) | R to K 2 |
| 10. B takes K B P | Kt to Q R 3 (b) | 24. B takes Kt | R takes B |
| 11. Castles K R | P to Q B 3 | 25. Q takes B (ch) | P takes Q |
| 12. B to K 5 | P takes Kt | 26. R takes B (ch) | K to Q 2 |
| 13. B takes R | P takes P | 27. R to K B 7 (ch) | Resigns. |
| 14. Q takes P | Q to Q 4 | | |

(a) P to Q B 3 is the best move here.
(b) We should have preferred B to Q 3.
(c) This is well played. Black foresees that the advance of the White's Q P, after playing K to R sq, would be fatal.
(d) The ending is conducted with all Mr. Macdonnell's characteristic ingenuity.

THE pantomime at Myers's American Circus, now performing in Paris, shows the exploration of Mr. Stanley in search of Livingstone. The scenes include almost every variety of hunting with camels, ostriches, kangaroos, elephants, llamas, ponies, and giraffes.

TROTTER in New York, U. S. A., under cover and at night, has been revived at Gilmore's Garden. The first event of the season took place on Thursday, Dec. 14th for horses that never beat 2.40, mile heats three in five. Seven times round the track is a measured mile, and of the seven entries, six came to start. The black gelding Newbrook sold favourite in the pools, but the winner turned up in Meeks's white mare Snowflake, who sold in the field. It was estimated that five thousand persons were in attendance, and the applause at times was tumultuous.

THE table tanks at the Brighton Aquarium now present a very interesting sight. In one a number of squat lobsters, as the galatheas are called on the Cornish coast, may be seen in health and vigour. The brilliantly blue transverse marks of the galathea strigosa are very remarkable, and the actions of the little crustaceans, alternately slow and grave, or rapid as a flash of light, render them a most amusing spectacle. That beautiful flat fish the variegated sole, with the three and four bearded rocklings and the crested blenny, also form objects well worthy of inspection. The guillemots, or northern divers, which were added to the collection a short time ago, have proved one of the greatest and most interesting sights in the aquarium. The birds are quite at home in their new quarters, and dive and feed under water continually.

CURES OF OLD STANDING ASTHMA, COLDS, &c., BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Robinson, Chemist, Trinity-street, Hull. "In all affections of the Chest, old standing Asthma, Phlegm, and neglected Colds, they act like a charm." In Rheumatism they give instant relief and taste pleasantly. Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d per box.—(ADV'T.)





MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT IN HER NEW ENTERTAINMENT ("WARD 3.—DANGEROUS").

COACHING AND SPORTING
REMINISCENCES.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

IN October, 1838, while the Coburg coach, on its way from Perth to Edinburgh, was receiving the passengers and luggage from the steamer, at Newhall's Pier, South Queensferry, the leaders suddenly wheeled round, and, notwithstanding the guard and coachman were almost instantly at their heads, coach and horses were precipitated over the quay. Some of the outside passengers escaped by throwing themselves on the pier; but those in the inside were less fortunate. The inside passengers consisted of four females and one male, two of which, from the coach having fallen into the sea on its side, a gentleman and a lady, managed to get their heads thrust out of the window above the water, till extricated from their perilous situation, the other three were taken out dead. The only outside passenger who kept his place on the coach until it was precipitated into the water, was pitched into the sea a considerable distance, but fortunately saved himself by swimming ashore. The pole having broken, the leaders were saved, but the two wheel horses were drowned.

In the same month and year an accident befel the Regular, Leicester and Oxford coach, by which a member of the University unfortunately lost his life. The coach was loaded to an unusual height, in consequence of the great rush of members into Oxford at the commencement of term; it was not, however, proceeding faster than six miles an hour, when on turning into Deddington, near Banbury, and endeavouring to avoid a cart at the angle of the road, it fell over on its near side. G. Brodrick, Esq., of Brasenose, who sat on the offside, behind the box seat, was thrown violently on his head, by which a blood-vessel was ruptured, and the skull extensively fractured. He died in a state of insensibility three hours after the accident. Mr. Whately, of Christ Church, nephew of the Archbishop of Dublin, and another Oxonian, were also severely hurt.

Wordsworth the poet had a narrow escape from what might have proved a very severe accident, when in company with his son, the Rev. John Wordsworth, they were on their way home to Rydal Mount, from a visit to the Earl of Lonsdale, at Whitehaven Castle. They were driving in a one-horse gig, and had just reached Ruffa Bridge, about three miles from Keswick, on the Ambleside road, when they observed the mail-coach coming upon them at a rattling pace. Owing to the sharp turn in the road at the top of the ascent which leads down to the bridge, the mail could not be seen until within seventy or eighty yards of that dangerous place; but in the few moments' notice they had of its approach the reverend gentleman succeeded in drawing his horse close up to the side of the road, which is only narrow, but nevertheless wide enough for the coach to have passed in safety under ordinary circumstances. It unfortunately happened, however, that the off-wheeler, which was in the habit of holding the bridle-bit in his teeth, and resisting the utmost exertions of the driver, was at the moment of meeting indulging in this dangerous practice, and refused to obey the rein. Owing to this circumstance the coach came with great violence against the gig, which it sent against the adjoining wall with such force, that both the horse and the gig, and the two occupants of it, were thrown with part of the wall into the adjacent plantation. Fortunately the traces and shafts of the gig both broke near the body of the vehicle, which set the affrighted animal at liberty, and it no sooner gained its feet than it leaped over the broken wall, and, having regained the road, set off at a frightful pace, with the gig-shafts attached to the harness. It was eventually stopped at the toll-bar entering Grasmere, by the owner closing the gate, which he dreaded the animal, notwithstanding his endeavours, would have attempted to leap. Mr. Wordsworth and his son, whose escape under all the attendant circumstances was most providential, were both found unhurt, the only visible injury received from this dangerous collision was a slight bruise on the finger of the poet.

Here I am reminded of a celebrated run with the foxhounds. The account, which I gleaned from a chronicle published some forty years ago, runs as follows:—"A few days ago, as the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at Monk's Heath, between Congleton, in Cheshire, and Newcastle-under-Lyme, the horses, who had performed the journey from Congleton, having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's foxhounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, until the fox, who was a cowardly rogue, had led them round in a ring fence, and ran to ground in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. The sportsmen who witnessed the feats of this gallant mare were Sir Harry Mainwaring, Messrs. Cholmondeley, Layford Brooke, Edwin Corbett, Davenport, Townshend Pickford, &c. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening, apparently in higher spirits for having had a brush after the fox."

A novel species of amusement took place in the Hundred House Meadow, Witley, on January 5, 1813. Five wild rabbits were singly turned off at an assigned distance before a dog fox, trained by Mr. Tearne, of Stockton, Worcestershire, and after an excellent course of about four hundred yards, were severally killed by Reynard.

George the Fourth, aided probably by his adviser and right hand man, Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., father of the late Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, was not a bad judge of a racehorse, as will be seen by the result of a sale of the stud after the King's demise. The sale took place in the Hampton Court paddocks, on October 3, 1837. The first put up was The Colonel, who was bought of the Hon. Edward Petre, after winning the St. Leger, for four thousand guineas; he broke down at Ascot in 1831, after running a dead heat with Mouche, and it is a proof of the excellence of George the Fourth's judgment, that when he first saw him after his purchase, he pointed out the leg in which he would fail. The Colonel fetched eleven hundred and fifty guineas, being five hundred less than was expected. Actæon, bought of Lord Kennedy for a thousand guineas, realised nine hundred and twenty. The black Arabian, from the Imam of Muscat, went to Germany, his bay companion to France; they brought excellent prices, the former five hundred and eighty, the latter four hundred and ten guineas. The general produce of the sale was as follows:—Brood mares, nine thousand five hundred and sixty-eight guineas; colt foals, fourteen hundred and seventy-one guineas; filly foals, eleven hundred and twelve guineas; the two stud horses and two half-bred colts, three thousand five hundred and forty-one. Total, fifteen thousand six hundred and ninety-two guineas. A large sum in those days.

The following anecdote of the "Sailor King" was told with great glee by him at a dinner-party given by George the Fourth, at the Cottage, Windsor Park, in 1827. It is to be observed, that William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence, used frequently, during his residence at Bushy Park, to ride out unaccompanied by any servant. "I was riding in the park, the other day," said his royal highness, "on the road between Teddington and Hampton Wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm. 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he. 'Pretty fair,' was my reply. 'Mine's a

good 'un, too,' rejoined he, 'and I'll trot you to Hampton Wick for a pot o' beer.' I declined the match, and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur into his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt, 'I thought you were only a muf!' "

OUI DIRE.

A WRITER in the new weekly, *Truth*, says, *William Tell* is a production unutterably wearisome. I tried to laugh when Miss Kate Phillips shot a tea-pot off a tree. I tried to laugh when Mr. Collette and Mr. Alfred Bishop stamped up and down the stage after each other, but I could not; I literally, with the very best disposition, could not. For nearly three hours I sat in that theatre, dissatisfied, disappointed, and discontented, when a young girl came forward with a skipping-rope. She may have been the daughter of William Tell, or of Gesler, or of Mr. Alfred Bishop, for all I knew or cared. Her dancing soon arrested my attention, and warmed my heart. Every movement was the perfection of grace. Round and round went the rope, without her seeming to guide it, and her feet moved so quickly that they hardly appeared to move at all. It was a faultless masterpiece of unaffected refinement—motion and repose so harmoniously interwoven, that they became one and the same. Dancing has been termed the poetry of motion, and the dancing of this girl was an idyl—as different from the laboured contortions of one of those muscular and half-naked maidens, who fancy that the perfection of their art consists in intricate writhings, thews of iron, and a lavish display of their beplastered charms, as the smile of a baby differs from the grin of a pantaloon. So skilfully was all art concealed, that she seemed a shy child playing with a rope in artless innocence, fearless, because she thought herself unseen; and yet nothing but long practice could have enabled her to wrap up from the audience the skill of the performance in admiration for its apparent simplicity and smooth flexible ease. As she danced on and on, I forgave Mr. Hollingshead for having entrapped me into sitting through his *Man in Possession* and his *William Tell*. I forgave Mr. Toole, and I forgave Mr. Albery.

"TRUTHFUL TOMMY" says:—As a theatre-goer, I admire greatly the Miss Terrys. Miss Ellen Terry is already one of our best actresses in certain parts, and Miss Marion Terry promises to become of the best *ingenues* on the stage; but I object to the great house of Lewis and Allenby sounding the war-pipe, and sending the fiery cross to their clansmen whenever these young ladies appear in a new part. On these occasions, the trusty henchmen of the chieftains occupy places of vantage in the pit, whilst all the gillies of the clan muster in serried ranks in the gallery. When either of the Miss Terrys makes her appearance, the clansmen burst, to the astonishment of the audience, into the volley-firing of a French *claque*, and during the whole time she is on the stage indulge in remarks to each other, of the "How beautiful!" "What an actress!" kind, whilst sturdy "dhunie wassails" burst into tears, or roar with simulated laughter, as the "points" seem to require sobs or smiles. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the clansmen were reduced to silence by the indignant protests of the real audience; but, undismayed, they rallied at the Court Theatre, and again at the Haymarket Theatre. I am, as I have said, a sincere admirer of the artistic capabilities of the Miss Terrys, but this impudent system of mock applause can be of no service to them, for they are clever enough not to require such vulgar puffing." This also appeared in *Truth*, but for all that was told in a spirit of gratuitous untruthfulness, if we may believe the following:—"Sir,—Will you permit us to state through your columns that the report which has recently obtained currency in certain quarters to the effect that our firm is in the habit of sending its employés to the theatres, when either of the Misses Terry appears in a new part, for the purpose of applauding their performance, is totally and absolutely without foundation. We desire, in justice to those young ladies, to give the statement our most unqualified denial.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants, LEWIS and ALLENBY. Regent-street, Jan. 6." It is strange that the utterance of the promised calm impartiality of *Truth* should be a spiteful falsehood.

"A CONSTANT attendant at the theatres when anything is produced worth seeing," calls attention to what he considers a very great grievance, and says "I was lately at the Gaiety, and as usual admired the civility of the attendants, who required no fee or gratuity; indeed, it is only right that justice should be done to them, and say they actually refused any fee for programmes or the charge of a lady's cloak and bonnet. At the Opera Comique, to which I was also a visitor a few nights back, a very different system prevails. I was not only taxed for a programme, but my wife and daughter were each taxed for their bonnets, although they, to save time as they thought, had tied them together. My wife certainly protested against this, but was told—civily certainly—that as they belonged to two persons each must pay 'the tax.' Will you permit me to recommend to Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Opera Comique, the courtesy and liberality of Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety.

ANOTHER playgoer with a grievance writes as follows:—"A fortnight ago I went to the benefit of Mr. Barry Sullivan at Drury Lane Theatre, and on December 30th I visited the Princess's Theatre to witness Miss Heath play Jane Shore. In the first instance, previous to the rise of the curtain on *Richard III.*, the stage manager, Mr. Johnstone, came to the front and apologised for the absence of Mr. B. Sullivan on account of a serious accident which had befallen him, although for four days previous his part had been filled by Mr. Bennett, and no announcement made in the 'daily papers' or at the doors. On the other occasion, after the first piece had terminated, Mr. H. Jackson as stage-manager announced that Miss Heath was unable to appear, and that her part had been filled by her sister on the previous evening and would be so then. In both these cases the managers were fully cognisant of the facts prior to the opening of the doors, and I consider it a great injustice to the playgoing public that such a system should be allowed to pass unprotected." And, so having protested, we trust the playgoer is satisfied. As a matter of fact, on the morning following Mr. Sullivan's accident a paragraph notice of it appeared in all the papers.

THERE are some strange beings in this world, and one of the most strange is "Gibus," who "does" the "drama, music, &c." for the *Sporting Gazette*. We have his authority for asserting that he is not "a disappointed author of pantomimes," and for the fact that he really had seen a pantomime when his singular observations thereon were printed, and called forth the more or less indignant protest of a lady whose remarks, he adds, "on behalf of her offspring were so very earnest, and her defence of the harlequinade in particular was so exceedingly eloquent, that I thought possibly in the little that I did say about that portion of the entertainment I might have been betrayed into exaggeration. Being as open to conviction as a politician, therefore, I repaired at once to a playhouse to see in how far the expression of my opinion might be modified. Gallantry alone would have dictated such a course." As the reward of that gallantry he saw how "little sides shook and curly heads nodded indications of delight, not elicited by the ballet, by the music-hall ballad, by the grand transformation scene," but by something far "more vicious and degraded," viz., the harlequinade; for what, he asks, "are

the homilies preached to carefully-matured curly-poll fresh from the nursery? What are the lessons of the harlequinade? Possibly the mother of a family may desire to hear them and test them by her own experience. They are briefly these:—

ROBBERY.
CRUELTY.
INDECENCY.
LYING.
COWARDICE."

Imagine the owlish being who could extract these horrors from the grotesque and wildly extravagant fun of the harlequinade. Ugh! its enough to set one's teeth on edge to think of him. With such remarks in his mouth, he himself would be quite as good as a pantomime to any little circle of "curly polls" of our acquaintance, however "fresh from the nursery" they might chance to be.

THE *Sporting Gazette* asks—"Was it wholly an undesigned coincidence that a certain banquet given by the ex-Lord Mayor of London should have immediately preceded the publication of this volume of poems, and that the reviews of that volume in the daily journals, including the *Times*, were couched in the most saccharine form of eulogy? Only one journal, so far as I know, has spoken the truth of that budget of feeble and watery platitudes in verse, and that is the *Spectator*. Oh! glorious independence of the Press! Oh! stern impartiality of critics! Oh! London, home of honest journalism! Shall we not say of you—

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law."

THE system of tuition by foreign teachers in the land of song is not (says *Figaro*) by any means above reproach. That there are capable professors in Italy, as there are elsewhere, is beyond denial; but it is a fact that a large majority of the so-called teachers of Italy are mere harpies, who insist upon their 10 or 15 lire a lesson in advance, who wring from the pockets of their poor impecunious victims all the cash they will part with, and who are no more capable of teaching singing than a quack doctor is of curing the scarlet fever. That there are musical quacks in England as there are elsewhere is, indeed, unfortunately true; but in Milan and other so-called art centres they abound, and are especially upon the look-out for English and American students, whose vanity and folly cause them to become a very easy prey. It is time all this were stopped by the wholesome physis of publicity, for the public, the entrepreneurs, and the critics are not likely to be further gulled, and it is only the poor victims who are swindled. An Italian reputation has long since ceased to be of any value whatever, for the musical public know well that, in many cases, such reputations are purchased by a few hundred judiciously-distributed francs. Every few weeks I have a recurrence of the heartrending tale of a poor English or American girl or man, who, or whose friends, have scraped together a few pounds to allow him or her to "study in Italy," and who returns here, after some months, well-nigh heartbroken at the infamous treatment he has received. The advice which any truthful and experienced man will give those young American and English people, who contemplate the adoption of the career of a vocalist, is to stay and study at home. We have in England, and there are, doubtless, in America, some hundreds of professors of vocalism who are not only capable teachers and musicians, but who are honest men, and will not fleece a vocalist till he has spent his last pound. Let the intending artist, in the first place, go to a professor of acknowledged and high repute, and ask frankly whether he have a fair chance of success in an already overloaded profession. If the reply be favourable, let him pay a good professor in England or America, as the case may be, a fair price (which rarely or never exceeds half a guinea per lesson, that is to say, less than is charged by many Italian quacks) and study hard in his native land. If, when he require stage experience he cannot obtain it here, then he can, if he please, go to Italy and spend a little of his money, but not with any hope of pecuniary reward in the land of song. There are many very capable artists now in the Italian peninsula who would be exceedingly glad to earn a couple of hundred a year, and the chief prizes only fall to a few people of those high natural gifts, of that genius, and of that cultivated ability which are not possessed by one in a thousand. The *Era*, previously published, had curiously similar remarks in its issue for December 31, in an article on the same subject.

Forest and Stream, our American contemporary, says, "a great many English and Scotch Nimrods annually seek the mountains in the autumn, while not a few of their own ranches and parks are stocked with game, notable among whom is the Earl of Dunraven, who is a frequent and daring hunter in these parts. This gentleman on one occasion visited the great National Park in the Yellowstone region, under the guidance of the well-known scout Texas Jack. They were gone two months, killing a number of white and black-tailed deer, antelope, elk, and a few cinnamon bear, while grouse and other wild fowl were to be found everywhere in abundance. They reported trout as the best in the world, frequently catching them for sport and throwing them back into the stream, many of them weighing as high as three or four pounds. Their party was a picturesque one, clad as they were in foreign hunting suits, with Texas Jack in the background, dressed in a gorgeous suit of fancifully beaded buckskin, 'the observed of all observers.' Those who visit this beautiful valley for the first time, after a long and tedious journey through vast deserts of sage brush, and over range after range of snow-capped mountains, are not only charmed with the delightful change, but completely captivated with the unsurpassing loveliness and physical characteristics of this remarkable basin. The scenery around Salt Lake is grand and impressive, reminding us of Geneva, the jewel of Switzerland. To the west a range of lofty mountains bound in ice, rise almost perpendicular from out its briny depths, casting their long dark shadows over the silent sea of Zion, while to the east stretches a vast plain, extending from its saline beach to the base of the Wasatch range, in whose deep gorges and weird canyons can be seen great drifts of snow, that even in midsummer are unsuspensible to the influence of a scorching sun. Situated as it is in the very heart of the mountains, it is difficult to believe that a valley so rich and beautiful, dotted with picturesque hamlets and thriving villages, was, until recently, a bleak and barren waste of sage brush and greenwood; and when we consider how comparatively recently the pioneer band of Mormons entered this desert, and the great disadvantages they laboured under and hardships endured, we wonder at the great transformation, and cannot but applaud their energy and perseverance. They are indeed a persevering people, and hold on with a determination that is remarkable, building temples and founding colonies in the States, only to have them destroyed and themselves driven westward, with little means and few friends, enduring untold hardships on the plains, fording rivers, scaling mountains, fighting Indians in a land comparatively unexplored, until finally they start anew in the midst of a desert in the wilds of Utah.

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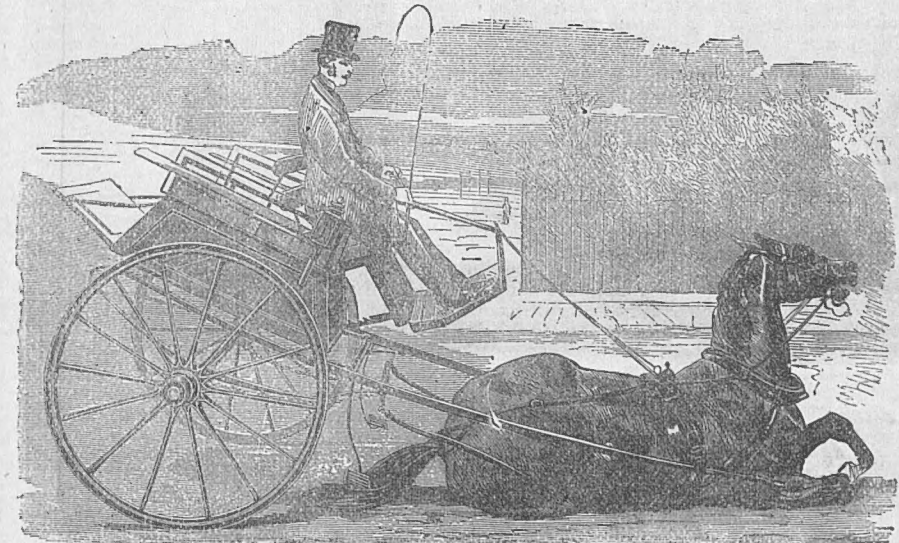
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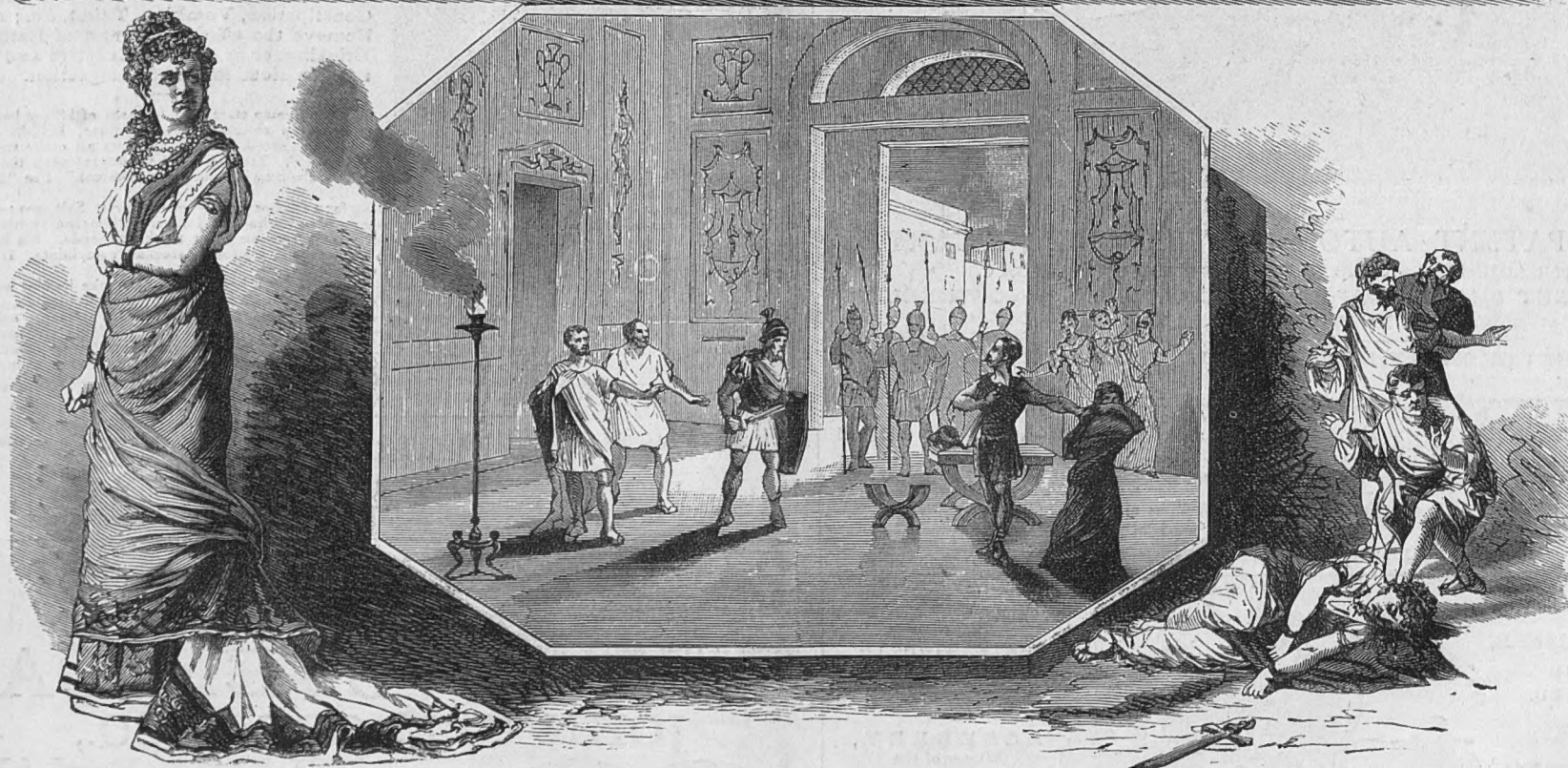
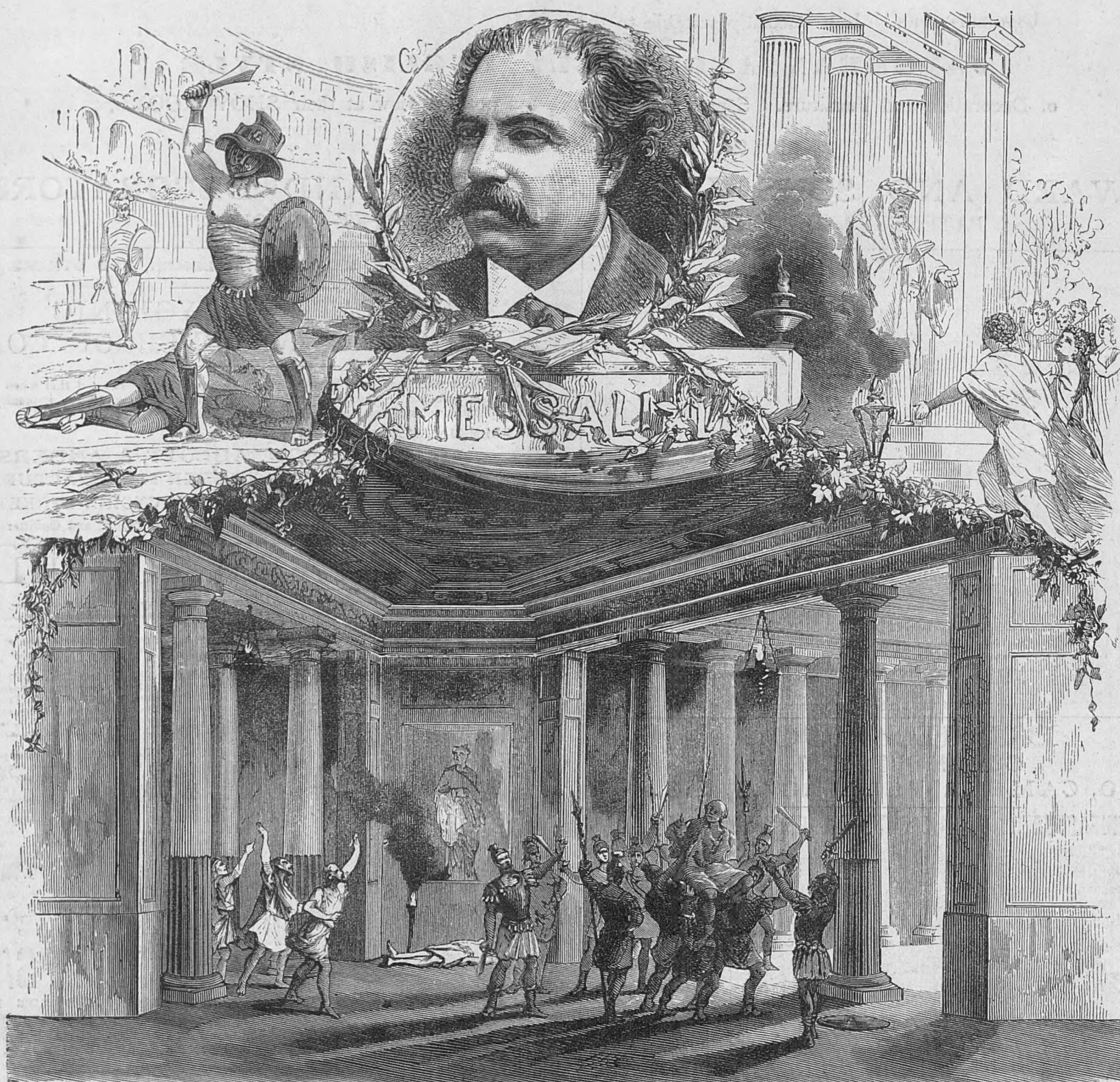
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